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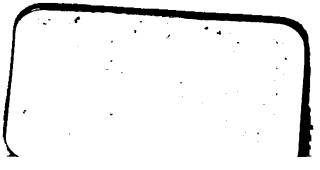

POEMS,

ODES, PROLOGUES, AND EPILOGUES,

SPOKEN ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS

AT

READING SCHOOL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES

OF THE

REV. MR. BENWELL,

AND THE

REV. DR. BUTT.

When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice Histories, Heroic Poems, and Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous Political Orations, offer themselves: which if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigour of DEMOSTHENES or CICERO, EURIPIDES or SOPHOCLES.

MILTON, *Tractate on Education.*

LONDON:

Printed by J. NICHOLS and SON, Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street.

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and the other Booksellers.

1804.

BODLEIANA

Gough Addl. Berks
8° 32.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY ADDINGTON,

HIGH STEWARD of the BOROUGH of READING;

GEORGE GILBERTSON, ESQ. MAYOR;

JOHN SIMEON, ESQ. RECORDER;

WILLIAM KNAPP,
MARTIN ANNESLEY,
JOHN DEANE,
JOHN BULLEY,
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THOMAS SOWDON,
HENRY BOYLE DEANE,
ROBERT HARRIS,
JOHN RICHARDS,
THOMAS WARD,
} ESQRS. BURGESSES;

The following POEMS

are respectfully dedicated,

by their most humble

and faithful Servant,

R. VALPY.

Reading School,
Dec. 1804.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Collection consists of Poems spoken at READING SCHOOL since the accession of the present Master in 1781. It is published at the desire of the Speakers, who cast a pleasing recollection on those exhibitions, which have formed a part of their amusement and their instruction. Of the greater part the Authors are well known to the Public; little anxiety is therefore felt on their account; for the rest, it may be necessary to solicit the indulgence, and to deprecate the severity, of the Critic.

The Poems, bearing the signature of B. L. and L. were written by the late Mr. BEN-

WELL*. Had the Editor consulted his inclination in writing the Life of one so nearly related to him, he might have been accused of partiality by those, who knew not the character of that rare pattern of human excellence. The Reader will be little disposed to lament the effect of that delicacy, when he peruses the subjoined Account, of which it is enough to say that it was written by Mr. KETT.

The Poems, signed B. T. and T. are the production of the late Dr. BUTT. They are here printed as they were spoken, differently from the form, in which they appear in the Collection published by the Author. To accommodate them to the occasion of his public Exercises, the Editor made some alterations in them, cautiously, and not without authority. He has paid the last tribute to the memory of

* It is remarkable that the first of these, *Columbus*, was produced by him, with little alteration, in less than a year after his first initiation in Latin poetry.

his Friend, in drawing a sketch of his life, derived from authentic sources of information. Of its imperfections he is sensible; but he will have the satisfaction of leaving a monument of his affection and gratitude.

To Mr. Bolland are to be ascribed the Prologues and Epilogues signed D; to the late Mr. Seward the Prologue to the Amphitryo; and "last, not least," to Mr. Pye those signed P.

The propriety of acting Plays at School, however sanctioned by the practice of many ages, and of many venerable establishments, has lately been questioned by some writers. If their objections are founded on actual experience, the Editor cannot but respect them. He will scarcely wish to persist in a branch of Instruction, which he has found to be the most laborious to the Teacher in the whole circle of Education, if he is once convinced of its evil tendency. He can only assert,

after a long and varied trial of the system, that he has found it attended with many beneficial, but not one detrimental consequence to his Scholars. He cannot be deterred from the proper use of an institution by the sophism of dwelling only on its possible abuse. Whether he has been successful in guarding against the latter, must be left to the judgment of those, who have observed the moral and patriotic tendency of his Plays, and the conduct of his Pupils in the various scenes of active life.

Lately published, by the same Editor;

KING JOHN, HENRY IV. Part II, the ROSES, or HENRY VI. and the MERCHANT OF VENICE, altered from SHAKESPEARE.

POETICAL CHRONOLOGY of Ancient and English History. The Fourth Edition.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

WRAPT in ignoble sloth, the human mind,
Weak in her efforts, in her flights confined,
Long grovelled, heedless of her native skies,
Nor dared above the realms of sense to rise.
Man knew no laws, but those which Nature gave,
No arts, but those a worthless life to save;
Wild in the woods th' unsocial creature ran,
And Brutes were savage only more than Man.
CHALDÆA's swains first raised their thoughts on high,
And dared explore the wonders of the sky.
But Superstition checked the bold career,
And chilled their opening souls with sluggard fear.
There the fell sorceress, from their caves of night,
Called forth her hideous phantoms to the sight;
There ignorance upheld th' unmanly sway,
And shapes, by fancy formed, obscured the day;
Fate seemed to hang on each declining star,
And every comet blazed a civil war.
Ill-fated souls! who, struck at every glance,
Saw omens threatening in the arm of chance,

And visionary horrors in the way,
Which Nature treads to feed the lamp of Day*.
SCIENCE, with silent horror, viewed the hour,
That gave her trophies to a rival's power.

From scenes like these by pitying fate conveyed,
EGYPT received the heaven-descended Maid;
Each art employed her infant strength to rear,
And nurse her tender youth with guardian care;
Till thence the Samian sage entaptured bore
Her willing footsteps to the GRECIAN shore.
There, where ILYSSUS rolls his silver stream
Among the laurelled bowers of ACADEME,
She reared her sceptre; there the sun-bright Maid
Soon changed the prospect, soon dispelled the shade,
Which, ere her beauties were revealed to view,
O'er the dim world its brooding darkness threw.
Wide and more wide she cast her cheering rays,
Till ev'n barbarian nations felt the blaze.
Philosophy disclosed her ample store,
And turned the page of Nature o'er and o'er;
And History, with Truth's impartial pen,
Painting the fates of empires and of men,

* Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the use of comets is to supply the sun with new matter.

Drew the thick veil o'er parted merit thrown,
Nor vice revered, tho' circled with a crown.
While on the Tragic stage, in solemn strain,
The Actor lived past ages o'er again,
In scenes of guilt displayed his mimic art,
Reflected vice struck horror on the heart;
Or when he taught his maddened looks to glow
With bursts of terror and impassioned woe,
The generous tear stood trembling in each eye,
Each bosom heaved with tender sympathy.
When, to command the soul, and win the sense,
The fairest child of Attic eloquence
Rolled the full tide of Rhetoric along,
Persuasion's magic dwelt upon his tongue;
Tho' fixed on blood, the thundering phalanx shook,
And PHILIP trembled as the Patriot spoke.
But lo! when HOMER sweeps the loftier strings,
A more than Muse inspires him as he sings.
The Gods, with more than mortal fury driven,
Disclaim their glories, and forsake their Heaven;
Olympus shakes; Earth trembles at the sight;
And PLUTO's realms start at the flash of light.
Thus Heaven and Earth, thus Air and Ocean fly
In frenzy wild before the Poet's eye:
The STAGIRITE, asserting Nature's cause,
Subjects the Poet to the Critic's laws;

From hence its aid to Fancy Judgment brings,
From the fair union hence perfection springs.
So when th' Almighty Framer of the world
Forth from his plastic hand the Planets hurled,
Beyond their spheres they flew with rapid force;
But soon Attraction stopt their headlong course:
Hence round the Sun in peaceful orbs they fly,
And form the scene of mutual harmony.

SCIENCE in GREECE maintained her golden reign,
While Freedom smiled, attendant in her train.
But when Dissension raised her hundred arms,
When Faction sounded more than war's alarms;
When in ACHAIA civil strife arose,
And bared her bosom to invading foes,
Then SCIENCE, ere the fires of havoc blazed,
Sunk with that Liberty, herself had raised.

In happier seats the Virgin fixed her reign,
Where spread majestic ROME her wide domain.
There, while AUGUSTUS her defender proved,
Adored and flattered by the Muse he loved,
Her glories, like the Roman eagles, spread,
And weaved new laurels round the Conqu'ror's head.
But ah! how soon the prospect fades away!
How soon are dimmed the beauties of that day!
Why from the Nymph the withering roses fly?
Why fades in grief the lustre of her eye?

Why, slowly musing on the Tyrrhene shore,
Joins she her sorrows to the billows' roar?
Sad, dreary change! O'er the devoted land
Fell Persecution lifts her iron hand.
Around her wait the Furies' wasteful brood,
And write her foul commands in lines of blood.
In those fair seats, the Muses' late retreat,
Of Arts and Science once the favored seat,
Where strains divine immortal MARO sung,
Where sweets of Hybla dropt from TULLY's tongue,
Pale Superstition re-ascends her throne,
Deforms the world, and makes the nations groan.
On eagle's pinions while her falsehoods fly,
The earth discolor, and obscure the sky,
Low on the ground expiring Truth is laid,
Defiled her beauties, and her cause betrayed.
But, SCIENCE, mourn no more: restrain thy tears!
By fate bestowed, a lasting seat appears.
Where Liberty discloses all her charms,
There BRITAIN calls thee to her fostering arms!
Swift, as she comes, dark Error fleets away,
As shades of night before the morning ray.
Soon spreads on Glory's wings the British name
Above the Roman and Athenian fame.
As round the Paphian Queen the smiling Loves,
Each Art attendant on the Virgin moves.

While the full organs solemn thoughts inspire,
And wing th' enraptured soul with heavenly fire;
The softest notes of sweeter Music fly,
And lull the soul in ravished ecstacy:
Thus varied lays each various passion move,
Now fire with anger, now dissolve in love.
On airy wings the Poet's fancy flies,
Pervades the dark abyss, or treads the skies;
Thro' worlds unknown his fearless step he bears,
And speeds his flight beyond the solar spheres.
The canvas breathes, with sense and passion warm,
Till Nature claims the well-dissembled form.
Shape to the rugged rock the chissel gives,
And the cold monument awakes and lives.
So bold PROMETHEUS from the solar ray
Caught vital heat to animate his clay.
While with undaunted zeal the sailor braves
The untried dangers of the pathless waves,
Explores new lands to civilize the mind,
And ope new gates of knowledge to mankind;
With soaring view the Artist * dares to rise,
And claim a near acquaintance with the skies,
And, as new wonders to his sight are given,
Explores the glories of the GOD of HEAVEN.

* The late discoveries in Astronomy.

Such be thy triumphs, SCIENCE, such thy praise!
Still rear in BRITAIN thy unfading bays!
Still, life's uncertain passage to adorn,
O plant a rose, where doubt has fixed a thorn!
And, while the voice of maddening tumult roars,
While flames the battle on th' Atlantic shores;
From East to West while seas of carnage flow,
And Faction triumphs in her scenes of woe;
Forbear to mingle in the war's alarms,
Or teach the world to point more murderous arms!*
O bid Ambition cease to lust for power,
Bid frowning Vengeance thirst for blood no more!
Bid hostile rage and civil discord cease;
Restore the blessings, and the Arts of Peace!
So, while along the stream of life, mankind
Thro' doubtful ways their various course shall wind,
Like a fair flower, thou on the banks shalt blow,
Dispensing fragance on the wave below!

* Alluding to the prodigious engines of destruction, which the Spaniards were building for the siege of Gibraltar.

1782.

COLUMBUS.

PRÆSTANTEM virtute virum, insuetasque per undas
Cursus, et patefacta novi miracula mundi,
Hinc canere aggredior. Tu, cui maris æquora parent,
Adsis erranti, et ventos concede ferentes:
Aut mihi jam placidi Halcyones, pendentibus undâ
Incumbant nidis, jubeantque quiescere pontum,
Dum vario visam terras sub sole calentes.

Primi hominum vitam per devia lustra trahebant,
Incultum genus: his inter deserta locorum
Præbebant sylvæ tectum spelæa Penates.
Necdum artes aderant, frustra tot littora Phœbus
Lustrabat; frustra puro labentia cœlo
Sidera monstrabant cursus. Formidine capti
Surgentem tremuere æstum, tremuere relapsum.

Primus aquam novit conto tentare secundam
Niliacus; necdum sylvas inducere ponto
Ausus, et in varias cymbâ transmittier oras.
At mox majores ratio, fabricavit et usus
Naves, mox malo antennas attollere jussit
Vis animi, donec passim descendit in undas
Malorumque seges, complexaque carbasa ventos.
Implumes veluti volucres, in limine nidi,

Astra notant oculis supra, subterque jacentes
Agros, concutiunt alas, trepidantque timore,
Mox tandem audaces, demtâ formidine, longè
Deseruere Lares, ausi se credere cœlo.
Dædalios ausus ostentet GRÆCIA, nautas
Æmonios, sævisque agitatam fluctibus Argo,
Sed quid picta valet pinus, quando incubat atra
Nox ponto, et radios subduxit Castor amicos?
Nunc huc, nunc illuc dubiis erroribus actus
Optatam frustra quærit PALINURUS arenam.
At Magnes tandem docuit, mirabile dictu!
Tendere iter certum densæ per tempora noctis.
Jam neque jactantes venti, nec tristis Orion,
Nec nova monstra maris, nec saxa latentia terrent.
Hoc GAMA instructus, pelago dat vela, subire
Spumantes fluctus, tempestatesque sonoras
Ausus; nec cæcis immania saxa cavernis
Horruit, aut natum subito de gurgite monstrum.
Hinc primi ingressus: tulit hinc COLUMBUS in orbem
Lumina; COLUMBUS, quo non præstantior alter
Seu lustrare polum, stellisque evolvere cursus,
Seu clavum regere, ac ventos immittere velis.
Hic dum longinquos tractus, orbisque figuram
Secum agitat, laterique latus componit utrinque,
Parte hâc ingentis superaddita pondera terræ,
Partem aliam vacuam et penitus gravitate carentem

Miratur; neque enim pariter consistere possunt
Aut gravibus levia, aut vacuis obstantia plena.
Hinc animo ignotam fingit trans æquora molem
Impositam, Hesperio et terras sub sole jacentes,
Quæ librent, firmentque æquali pondere mundum.
His super intentus, quæ pectore littora tantùm
Lustravit priùs, hæc eadem lustrare carinis
Constituit, priscisque novum dare gentibus orbem.
Et jam classis iter certum per inane tenebat
Longiùs à terrâ, cœlum undique et undique pontus
Occurrit; nautæ segnes, fessique labore
Amissos patriæ campos, amissa relicti
Otia conjugii, venturaque fata queruntur.
Jam vix ipse valet certus Columbus eundi
Ingentes mulcere animos, insanaque corda.
Ter sunt aggressi, fremitusque dedêre rebelles
Vulgus, ter sonuit rauca discordia lingua,
Ter discors motus pietate minisque repressit.
Ecce autem subitæ volucres, grata omina terræ,
Adsunt, conclamant juvenes, et signa salùtant;
Protinus et terram: pulsat nova littora clamor.
Ac veluti Æneæ cùm cæco in limite naves
Ætnæas tetigere oras, clamore tonanti
Excitum subito è sylvis, et montibus altis
Cyclopum genus erupit, portusque replevit;
Incussere metum Teucris mirantibus agmen,

Herculeique artus, Atlantæique lacerti ;
Haud secus insuetâ Columbi instante carinâ
Extemplo clamore sonant data signa, coloni
Undique se trepidi agglomerant, atque agmina stipant
In numerum, densoque expectant ordine monstra.
Jamque novus plenis populus consistit in oris,
Miris fusca modis, nudataque corpora semper
Solibus assiduis, dum nigri à vertice crines
Demittunt sese in terras, et pulvere miscent.
Mirantur moles, alataque robora, vultus
Mirantur placidos hominum, divinaque membra.
Horrenda interea profertur machina belli ;
Stant lecti circum, dehinc ora minantia monstrum
Erigit, immani qualis tonat Ætna cavernâ.
Tum capit immissos ignes, subitoque fragore
Fulminat eructans flammam, volvitque per auras
Fumantem stridore globum ; tremefacta reclamant
Littora, concussisque gemit Neptunus ab undis.
Haud secus ac, cœli cùm primùm fulmina claustris
Intonuere cavis, micuitque per aera fulgur
Dissultans, homines motu reboantis Olympi
Obstupuere ; metu perculsi corda coloni
Nunc se, nunc monstrum tacitâ formidine spectant.
Et jam terra patet felix, ditissima rerum.
Thesauri nascuntur humo, de palmite pendent,
Melle madent rami, atque auro miscentur arenæ:

Ver sine fine viret; sine frigore volvitur æstas
Æterna, arrident variâ dulcedine rura;
Quales æstivo cursu, sub sole benigno
Hesperios perhibent lucos, et Thessala Tempe
Luxuriare, choros primus nemora inter Apollo
Cùm ciet, et lenes respondent carmina venti;
Aut etiam Zephyrique silent, et murmura Peneus
Continuit, chordas dum personat ille loquentes.
Talia rura patent, querulos per dulcia regna
Concentus modulantur aves, nemus omne susurrat
Carmine; nec mœrens modulis Philomela canoris
Sola gemit, voces depromunt guttura mille,
Mille simul resonant cantus, vox millibus una.
Ipse citis populus dilectam suscipit artem
Auribus, et Musæ pariter pubescit amore.
Aeris hinc murmur suavis, flatumque per auras
Fragrantem exhalat campus, qui vincat opima
Thura Sabæorum, pinguesque Orientis odores
Ostrum ne jactent Pœni, jam purpura cedat
Assyria, et roseo suffusus sanguine murex.
Hic tincto rami succo, tinctoque renident
Stipite, divinos sudant arbusta rubores,
Purpureæque vigent messes. At prima beatos
Vestit agros passim cœlesti planta sapore,
Maxima plantarum, quæ presso à stipite succos
Fundit nectareos, atque æmula flumina mellis.

Nec minus interea præsenti numine pingues
Parturiunt fluvii, certatque uberrima donis
Unda suis, radiant lustrato in gurgite gemmæ,
Fluctus et auratas perlabitur omnis arenas.
Torrentem hic fremitu volvit LAURENTIUS amnem,
Hic PLATA immenso cumulat vastum æquore Pontum;
Hic inter terras Neptunum æquare laborat
ONTARIO, ostentatque suas in littore classes.
En, ubi congestæ surgunt ad littora cautes,
Præcipitat tumidos strepitu NIAGARA tonanti
Torrentes, resilitque ingenti spumeus amni
Per scopulos; fractum contorto vertice flumen
Æstuat exultans, rorantque aspergine stellæ.
Flumineis cœlum hìc credas patuisse cavernis,
Inque solum ruptos fontes descendere Olympo.
At variis mirisque tumet formosius æquor
Montibus, apparent veneranda cacumina passim,
Aut nebulis obscura latent: primique per auras
Majores magnis succincti fratribus ANDES
Ardua sceptra tenent; attollitur Atlantæa
Moles, atque alius consistit in æthere mundus.
Hìc iter æthereâ despectat ab arce viator,
Sub pedibusque videt collectas ordine nubes.
Hos ergò æternâ celebrabunt voce Camœnæ,
His fama æquabit molem, nec jam amplius ullum
Mænalus imperium terris, aut Cynthus habebit,

Illi PAN quamvis, atque huic ipse adsit APOLLO.
Tu prior hinc nostris dicêris, AMERICA, votis;
Dumque ignota novis lustrabunt littora naves
Cursibus, atque orbis distento limite crescet,
Tu simul increscens præcelso nomine ad oras
Surges, et sola immenso dominaberis orbi.

Non sitis argenti gentis malesuada quietem
Rumpit; at æterno gaudentes compede nexus
Jungit amicitiæ populos, mentesque benignæ.
Illic verus amor; per pectora flamma calentis
Mutua percurrit populi, neque vulnera falso
Tecta pudore latent, animi languentis amator
Dum memorat curas, æstumque in corde furentem,
Purus in ore rubor, timidæque silentia vocis
Virginis occultos ignes, motusque recludunt.

Non tamen hic penitus gestat sine clade triumphos,
Est ubi sævit Amor, cumulatque in corde dolores.
Has inter sedes, dum fata antiqua manebant,
Agrestem placido lenibant carmine vitam
GLYCUS amansque PHILO; pariter florebat uterque
Phœbeâ facie, nitidique virentibus annis.
His amor unus erat, comitata est una laborem,
Una fides requiem: tali se lege beatos
Sperabant ambo; tantùm, ah! sperare licebat.
Fortè fuit, pulchras inter pulcherrima, Nympha
HERO, quam Venus exitium crudele juventæ

Progenuit, dederatque oculis vibrare sagittas.
Illam, post multos, juvenes per rura vagantem
Hi quoque vidêre, & pariter perière videndo.
Quid facerent miseri! non pertulit alter et alter
Tradere dilectam, vel amico auferre puellam.
Absentem absentes vigili cupiêre dolore,
Congressam flevere magis; causa ipsa dolendi
Præsens Nympha fuit. Dum cæcis passibus errant
Per tristes campos, carâ comitante puellâ,
Deveniunt lucum, qui sæpe audivit amantes,
Excepitque umbrâ: hic alterno pectore nympham
Complexi, et madido libantes oscula collo
Amentes jugulant, dein humida tela cruore
Accipiunt ipsi, et letho miscentur in uno.
Tum quoque semianimum corpus cùm morte tenerent,
Ah nostram! ah HERO! geminabant voce supremâ
Clamantes: HERO, HERO, loca mœsta vocabant.
Occidat ante diem fato præreptus acerbo,
Occidat ante diem immanis feritate Tyrannus,
Quem juvat et furor, et duri inclementia belli,
Qui vitâ spoliat miseras, sine lege, catervas
Impius, et captæ genitricis ab ubere natos
Abripit, (horresco referens!) et morte triumphat.
Non ita COLUMBUS: bellum aversatus iniquum
Ille viâ meliore novos affectat honores,

Et famam è populi crescentis originè ducit.
Quod neque Pellæo, vel fletu fata petenti,
Concedunt juveni, palmâ dum tristis ab ipsâ
Æstuat hic parvo compressus limite mundi;
Nec gens, quam vincat, superest, nec quem domet, orbis;
Tu labyrinthæos tractus per vasta recludis
Æquora, tuque jubes alium consurgere mundum.
Jamque loco cedat, tectis demissa Deorum
Circuitu pelagi præclaro nobilis Argo:
Illa sed ætherio sistetur tramite navis,
Quâ primùm ille heros alienâ vectus in undâ
Immensas penetravit aquas, orbemque latentem;
Dumque rates agitant incerta per æquora venti,
Hanc rite observans nota inter sidera vector
Radat iter liquidum, tutusque supervolet undas:
Illa det auspicium, nautæque aspiret eunti!
Hic tamen (heu! quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Invidiæ labes!) post tædia tanta laborum
Vidit ab ingratâ factorum gente negatas
Laudes; et terris, quas ipse reeluserat, alter
Indignus posuit nomen, raptavit honores.
Scilicet hic, cui mundus iter, cui terminus orbis,
Per pelagum vehitur, palmas post terga revinctus,
Per pelagum, immensas ubi tot patefecerat oras.
Qualis post victos hostes, Italosque redemtos

Exul, egens, MARIUS, quibus intulit arma, per ipsos
Delituit campos, et conscia rura triumphi.
Ille tamen patriæ lites despexit iniquas
Æquior, et tandem meritos accepit honores.
Felix, qui potuit tantos cognoscere cursus,
Divinosque videre locos, gentemque beatam!
Heu nimium felix, qui terris ante recessit,
Nec stragem horrendam vidit, funestaque bella,
Bella per effrænum quæ jam bacchata furorem,
Cum sociis socios agitant, cum prole parentes!
Hìc furit agminibus GALLUS, fremitumque rebellem
Marte fovet, pariterque ruunt urbesque virique
In numerum eversi: hìc miseras SARATOGA ruinas
Vidit, et è proprio perituros impete cives.
Pro grege rura tenent acies, pro frugibus arma.
Quà nuper faciles Fauni, Dryadesque puellæ
Agrestes habuere choros, sylvasque quieto
Implêrunt ludo, hìc furiis comitata ministris
Sævit agens ferro nemorum Bellona recessu,
Mœrentesque tenet ferali milite lucos.
Pax etiam passis juxta jacet orba capillis,
Et queritur capiti lapsam marcescere olivam.
O liceat Pacem nostras invisere sedes,
Cumque parente suas natos conjungere dextras!
Nec mentes exul nostras Spes alma relinquat,
Dum florent pietate viri, virtute BRITANNI:

Dum, RAUDONE *, tibi patriæ in discrimina belli
Flagrat amor, populoque injectos suscitat ignes:
Dumque triumphantes diverso in limite classes
RODNEIUS regit, et stupefactas æquoris undas
Imperio jungit Britonum, propriasque revincit,
En redit et Virgo! en iterum Saturnia mundo
Tempora succedunt, ponuntque ferocia cives
Corda, dies iterum terras optata revisit,
Cùm furor arma trahens natali carcere secum
Clauditur, atque ensis defessus cæde quievit:
Cùm genitor tuto reduces in littore natos
Amplexu accipiet, primoque in fœdere lætus
Non cessaturo junget pro pignore dextram.
En inter palmas dilectâ sede reductæ,
Quà placidè in sylvis Academi interluit ISIS
Pierias arces, Musarum et dividit hortos,
Pubescunt artes: iterum Fortuna benigno
Arridet vultu, totam dum mille carinæ
INDIAM in EUROPAM portant, lætasque BRITANNUM
Subjecti referunt orbis miracula ad oras.

* So high was at that time the character of Lord RAWDON, *ut non solùm de eo benè sperare, sed etiam confidere cives possent sui, talem futurum, qualem* COGNITUM JUDICARUNT. These expectations indeed have been amply fulfilled in the great qualities of the Warrior, the Statesman, the Orator, the Scholar, and the Man, which distinguish the Earl of MOIRA.

THE READING SCHOOL-BOY;

A PARODY OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

SAINT LAWRENCE' bell proclaims the closing day,
The famished beaux trip home from cards and tea,
Slows moves the drone from yonder bench away,
And leaves the Forbery to the night and me.

Now each tired shopman to his garret hies,
And all the streets unusual stillness hold,
Save where for pap some brat incessant cries,
Or stuns her sleepy spouse yon restless scold.

Save where, in lonely cell, three stories high,
Yon fidler grates upon his screaking string,
Who doomed in vain th' unyielding art to try,
Scarce scrapes with murderous hand, "God save
the King!"

Within these roofs for peaceful slumber made,
Where rise the chequered beds in radiant rows,
Fatigued with toil and play, till morning laid,
The hopes of many a family repose.

The sickly pomp of midnight masquerade,
The coach late rattling from the crowded ball,
The rout's loud hum, or birth-day's gay parade,
Ne'er from their wonted rest these striplings call.

For them no lamps with varied colors shine,
No liveried lacqueys yawn till peep of day,
No link boys round with rival care combine
To light their stumbling steps across the way.

Oft to their patience yields each stubborn rule,
Their pen full oft at exercise is seen.
How jocund when each eve let loose from school,
They wake their sport upon the chearful green!

Let not swollen Science mock their little toil,
Their early rudiments and dawning sense,
Nor College Tutors hear with scornful smile
The simple labors of voice, mood and tense.

The boast of genius and of industry,
All, for which Poets soar, or Scholars plod,
Await alike the public's stern decree,
And dread the Critic's vengeance as the rod.

Nor you, you Fair, withhold from these the praise,
If ne'er proud fashion fix their humble doom,

Where, 'mid the rustling silk and diamond's blaze,
The tongue of scandal prattles round the room.

Can MARA's voice, or VESTRIS' skill refined
A life of sloth and ignorance repay?
Can public pastimes soothe the vacant mind,
Ne'er warmed by Truth, or Science' genial ray?

Perhaps in these retirements are concealed
Some bosoms pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of Government may wield,
Or tune to deeds of fame the mystic lyre.

But to their raptured view delusive Power
Her list of offices does ne'er unroll;
Stern Fate restrains them in youth's early hour,
And checks the struggles of th' aspiring soul.

Full many a column of the massive hall
Within the quarry shapeless once was laid:
Full many an oak of stateliest timber tall
Has lived unseen beneath the parent shade.

Some HOWARD, fraught with pity's mildest store,
May learn the miseries of mankind to heal;

Some WARTON here may spell his fabled lore;
Some rising BURKE here glow with patriot zeal.

To search the dungeon's inmost caverns low,
The fears of plague and sickness to command;
To bind the Laureat wreath around their brow,
Or shine the champions of a subject land,

Their age forbids; nor thus alone confined
Their glorious labors, but each vainer care,
Forbids with hacknied themes to tire the mind,
Or waste their rhetoric in Corruption's ear;

The conscious pangs of inborn worth to hide,
To still the murmurs of reluctant shame,
To mark the triumph of insulting Pride,
By fury lighted up at Faction's flame.

Far from the noisy haunts of public strife
Their infant wishes never learn to stray;
Along the stiller vale of classic life
They keep their peaceful unentangled way.

Yet these from dull oblivion to defend,
Some bright production of their early days,

Some polished theme perhaps, or verse well penned,
From future readers claims a willing praise.

Their active courage, or their mind's repose,
Some old companions may from memory draw,
Who feats of play or scholarship disclose,
That bind the junior class in listening awe.

For who, to selfish solitude a prey,
This simply sweet society resigned,
Forsook the chearful partners of his play,
Nor left a longing sorrowing friend behind?

On some loved breast the parting youth relies,
Some kindred soul his fond farewell requires;
Still back with eager glance keen Fancy flies,
Still burns their friendship with its former fires.

For thee, by warm remembrance fondly moved
In verse uncouth their story to relate,
If, viewing once again the scenes he loved,
Some grateful Scholar should inquire thy fate;

Haply some lingering Monitor may say:
His slender figure we have kenned full well,

Brushing from yonder mead the dew away,
To reach the distant school at morning bell.

There in yon Library's unsocial shade,
That rears its books in many a dusty pile,
His listless length till evening oft he laid,
And pored upon the Greek, that mocked his toil.

Hard by yon wall, with inward musings torn,
Muttering aloud his crabbed rhymes he strayed,
Drooping with downcast head, like one forlorn,
For pranks detected, or for tasks unsaid.

One morning, at the bell's accustomed call,
We sought in vain his hastening steps to see:
Another came, nor yet beside the wall,
Nor yet within the library was he.

The next, with habits due, and just array,
At OXFORD's towers he pledged his solemn vow.
Some hand in kindness penned a farewell lay:
Attend, 'tis short, and thou mayst hear it now.

HERE passed his days, not destitute of worth.
A youth to fashion and to fame unknown,

The Graces smiled not on his humble birth,
And rustic shyness marked him for her own.

His powers were scanty, but sincere his heart;
Large as his wish, Heaven did its blessings give:
From him each scholar proved a brother's part,
His fondest hope is in their love to live.

No further strive the fruitless search to move;
He seeks not here his merits to extend:
Content if one his humble toils approve,
"The Master of the Poet, and the Friend!"

1785. B. L.

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF WORLDLY PURSUITS.

AN ODE.

SAD on his couch LORENZO lay,
The wealthy, witty, young and gay,
And felt his care half-wrought to woe,
When, musing at the dead of night
He tried to trace some new delight,
Some undiscovered spring of bliss to know,
Whose current thro' his life should freely stream,
Supply the fullest measure of desire,
Not briefly tasted, vanish as a dream,
Fleet as an airy shade, or as a spark expire.

Sure,—thus exclaims the restless youth,—
My general impulse speaks this truth,
That my best efforts ever aim
At something good, or seeming good.
Yet, tho' with energy pursued,
Pleasure, and Knowledge, Riches, Power, and
Fame,

Fill not this aching void; but sadly say,
'Tis not in you to trace the secret source,
Whence genuine joy flows clear of all allay,
And yields the bark of life a safe and pleasant course.

God of my senses, PLEASURE, deign
To write me foremost of the train,
Who chief have sought thy genial dower;
Nor durst I worship at thy throne,
Were not thy favorite pleas my own,
Beauty, and youth, and health's enlivening power.
Shed all thy fragrance on my flowing hair;
Bind ivy, bind the myrtle on my brow:
Another HELEN shall become my fair,
And BACCHUS on his son his richest palms bestow.

Let then a thousand tapers pour
Their glories on the wanton hour;
Let Music all her charms employ,
To smooth the path of gay desire,
To elevate the lover's fire,
And bind the melting soul in bands of joy.
But ah! soft Syrens, to my manly mind
A nobler instinct points a loftier aim,
Since Age shall come, nor Death be far behind,
When Pleasure's power is past, and Hope's one prize is Fame.

He wins not FAME, whose deedless day
On downy pinions fleets away:
'Tis earned alone by toils severe,
And sure, my soul, true Fame implies
Thy dearest bliss, thy richest prize.
Hark! her soft pæan, warbling in my ear,
Swells all my powers, and such a force bestows,
That o'er the droning myriads seated high,
The vulgar joys I scorn, the vulgar woes,
Nor dread the damps of Age, and Death himself defy.

But Fame, are all these blessings thine,
If, whilst I live, thou art not mine?
Yet dying,—if my name but lives,—
Thy votaries are meanly paid,
Thou vap'ring shadow of a shade,
A splendid promiser, that nothing gives;
Yet at the price of many a solid pain,
That specious nothing we with pride pursue,
War all our days for unsubstantial gain,
Nor oft in death acquire our earned and useless due.

But in this dark and downward age,
When Glory's fire has spent its rage,
And scarce a lingering sparkle gleams,

Were it not better I should aim,
One of the croud, at common game,
And bid farewell to Fame's fantastic dreams?—
Then take me, WEALTH all-worshipped, for thy own!
Let me by prudent arts thy grace obtain:
Appoint me nearest to thy golden throne,
And let me bear the rod, which opes the springs of Gain.

Rich as the flooding Nile they flow,
And more than man requires bestow.
His wants are few, sage Nature cries,
Nor, kept with terrors, ample Wealth
Or Wisdom gives, or Peace, or Health.
But to be happy, study to be wise:
The treasure, WISDOM, you can never lose.
O taste this nectar'd draught of sacred joys!
This cup of Gods shall godlike Man refuse,
This cup for ever full, this sweet that never cloys?

This potent draught the Gods can bear:
But Men, too weak their bliss to share,
The maddening cup attempt to drain,
And Wisdom, ill pursued, but shows
From Art what branching Folly grows,

Gorgons and hydras and chimeras vain,
And spectres dire to terrify mankind.
Better rude Nature in her rudest form,
Than truth oft sought 'till dizzy wit grows blind,
Or mining Atheism plays his desolating storm.

From man what ills must man endure?
How shall I then my peace secure?
POWER, let me seek thy force divine,
On earth commence the Demi-God,
Wide wielding Terror's torturing rod,
And solely claim the general rights for mine.—
But thus I rather shall the brute assume,
For peace 'mid lurking vengeance vainly try,
And ever conscious of th' impending doom,
Dreading, and dreaded live, and unlamented die.

Where shall I then that Fountain know,
Whence only *perfect bliss* can flow?
It glistens not in GLORY's fane,
Nor laves the castled realm of POWER;
Nor sweetly streams by PLEASURE's bower;
Which WEALTH nor buys, nor WISDOM's arts attain.
Yet Fancy, Custom, Nature urge my soul
To seek it still with unabated force:

An impulse, Reason dares not to control,
But shakes the chiding rein, and spurs them to the course.

Oh! by the pangs, that rend my heart,
All-pitying Heaven, some light impart,
By which I may my bliss descry,
And from the waves, on which I roll,
From the dark storms, that shake my soul,
Glance on the glittering scene my raptured eye!
Oh! ere my glowing life-blood cease to run,
Give me to gain awhile my heart's desire;
Ere Death's grim shade arise, reveal my Sun,
That, basking in his blaze, I may with joy expire!

Fond wretch, reproving Reason cries,
Ere man's completely blest, he dies.
Nor highest joy, nor deepest woe
Were meant to meet thy present state.
Sure comes consummate bliss, tho' late:
Seek not on earth what earth can ne'er bestow.
Let calm-eyed Prudence all thy passions steer;
Thy moral sight let sacred HOPE unclose,
And soon a Heaven shall rise in prospect clear,
And soon on earth CONTENT thy throbbing heart compose.

Curb then thy pride, ambitious Man,
And reverence GOD's superior plan!
Bid Wisdom moderate Fancy's fire,
Aim not at *perfect bliss* on earth.
Then whiter days shall dawn to birth;
Content shall mark the barriers to desire,
And Seraph Hope, the foremost of her train,
The red cross beaming on her snow-white crest,
With her ambrosial balm shall heal each pain,
And soothe the sterner pangs, that agonize the breast!

B. T.

READING AND CONVERSATION.

Reading makes a full man, Conference a ready man.—Bacon.

What if a few, by Reading not refined,
Excel from native energy of mind,
Let not the rare example those mislead,
Who aim at knowledge, yet refuse to read;
Who Wisdom's summit hope in vain to reach
By slight discourse and desultory speech.
Survey mankind, ah! seldom will be found
Discourse established on opinions sound,
By graceful elocution formed to charm,
Improve the reason, and the passions warm,
With Fancy's graces feast the mental sight,
And Truth exhibit in her purest light.
What tho' Discourse, if Bacon we believe,
May to the learned the ready converse give,
Yet all the profit, which that converse pours,
Derives its stream from Reading's cultured stores;

Tho' fools applaud, and the pleased million stare,
'Tis but a bubble shines, and bursts in air.
"Bless me," says SPORUS, silk-embroidered Beau,
His speech all tattle, and his life all show;
"Sure none but fools on musty books can pore,
Where formal Dulness heaps her chaffy store!
From life's enchanting circles more is known,
Than from the lectures of collegiate drone.
There we receive the coin, that we repay,
Brightened by use, and fearless of the day,
But ere the pedant's rust can disappear,
Maxims must bear the rub of many a year."
You generous few, who would be greatly wise,
Who seek in life's career the noblest prize,
On Books bestow the lonely hour serene,
Awhile frequenting that Aonian scene,
Where Wisdom, blooming in her vernal days,
Inspired her sons to snatch the meed of praise.
'Tis yours to glow with HOMER'S Epic rage,
And pierce the golden mine of PLATO'S page;
'Tis yours on History's wing to soar sublime
As far as Truth can roam the wilds of Time,
And from the splendor of Experience draw
The light of conduct, and its brightest law;
Hence taught how men, how empires melt away,
You learn that Virtue towers above decay.

Your souls let free-born Orators inspire,
Whose words still breathe unperishable fire,
Tho' now that action we behold no more,
Nor hear that thunderous elocution roar,
Which fired the passions, and convinced the mind,
And proved the power of Art with Truth combined.
Who visit most the old Aonian spring,
The warmest nurture thence to Genius bring,
Schooled by the wisest of the human race,
When sense was rhet'ric, cultured nature grace,
Then twilight Reason sought that heavenly ray,
Which burst abroad, and poured the golden day.
Thus taught by Books, Life's varied stage review,
Improve the old by present scenes and new.
Let active knowledge seek, with curious eyes,
What in the memory's cell well-ordered lies *.

* In these studies our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times, for memory's sake, to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear, of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their personal knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion.

MILTON'S *Prose Works*, folio, Vol. II. p. 849.

On life bestow a censure calm, yet keen,
Catch profit from the new, the living scene;
For on the new who comments from the old,
Shall turn whate'er he touches into gold.
Give and receive, to perfect all your plan,
And mingle in the mazy marts of man;
Ply the best commerce of the human kind,
Wisdom the ware, that jewel of the mind.
Dispute but with the wise, select and few,
Then truth required comes easiest into view,
And converse shortly gives, with sweet delight,
What pondered volumes slowly bring to sight.
But whilst conversing you from others learn,
Your practised wit shall brighten in return.
The wise conversing mutually inspire,
Energic meet, and strike out fire for fire,
Whilst interchanging charities impart
The purest polish to th' ingenuous heart.
By Converse thus severely trained and tried,
Comes Wisdom forth, the Graces at her side,
Wears the true form, which dignifies her reign,
And leads, arrayed in light, fair Virtue's train.

B. T.

CALPE OBSESSA.

En ubi cognatos fines, terrasque propinquas
Insolito fluctu mare, et impellentibus undis
Discindit medias, clausoque interluit æstu,
Erigit et celsas ingenti mole Columnas
Neptunus, perque alta simul, perque æthera muros
Congerit innatos, et vivo mœnia saxo,
Arx magna insurgit, Britonum certissima sedes,
Arx Regina freti, cunctas dominata per oras;
Quà domiti sceptrum pelagi posuisse Britannus
Jactat, et immensas armato milite rupes
Implevit super, et totos regit æquore cursus.
Hic sedet imperio exultans, hic intonat armis,
Subjectumque procul prospectat mœnibus orbem.
Vix fert indignans alienos littore in ipso
Muros, hærentemque suis in fluctibus hostem
Hispanus, dolet ereptos, ardetque videndo.
Jamque patent iræ, jam plurima classis ad altum
Fulminat Oceanum bello, fluctusque per omnes
It furor, insanus mediis Mars errat in undis.
Nunc arcem exagitant armis, pugnamque lacessunt
Milite flagrantem, solâ nunc arce morantur.

Illa legit vires, medlisque in millibus una
Stat contrà intentans; at cladé ferocior hostis
Instat, jam ruit ad portas, jam mole minatur
Arduus insurgens, flammis et fulmine terret
Frustrà; confisum Rectori immobile saxum
Insanos ausus ludit, ridetque supernè.

Salve O! per fluctus tu nunc, ELIOTTE, Britannos
Tollere sceptra jubes, victumque recedere mundum!
Præside te, vivas arces, ingentia saxa
Incolimus, longèque altis de mœnibus hostes
Despicimus superi, et numeros miramur inanes.
Te duce, jam victrix medium sibi vindicat æquor
ANGLIA, et inscribit scopulis æterna triumphos!

Invalidas mœret vires, imbelliaque arma
Hostis, opes fusas, cæsamque impunè juventam;
Stat mare, stat terras, ipsumque Acheronta movere
Nunc odiis, furiisque vocare in prælia mundum.
Omnis ad invictos concurrit IBERIA muros,
Concurrunt urbes; apparet densa per oras
Machinaque, classisque, & plurima Martis imago.
Hic patriæ populos inimica ad mœnia ducit,
Ostentans arcem domitam, laurosque cruentas
CRILLONUS, fulgens hic longè, ostroque superbus
Exercet proprium princeps NASSAVIUS agmen.
Quos oram ingenti victores voce per omnem
Prædicat exultans prædæ spe turba futuræ.

Quàm multi ad TROJAM pelago tot classibus acti
Devotos venêre locos, perjuraque tecta,
Immensumque agmen clausâ prospexit ab arce
Teucria, cum latè valles, et conscia ponti
Æquora, concussæ turres, urbisque ruinæ,
Et bello gemuêre viri, gemuêre Penates.
Sacra dies aderat, sævo devota labori:
Et jam instructa acies per littora longa moveri
Incipit, excitæque ruunt in facta Phalanges.
Expediunt classem horrendam, clypeata carinas
Firmant tecta super, nec vim, nec vulnera bello
Accipiunt, crebris laterum sub fauçibus ingens
Ære cavo alatas ostentat machina cædes.
Immensas stupet unda rates, Martemque natantem.
Ter primo in fluctu ferrato pondere moles
Substitit, atque armis cursum ter fœta negavit;
Ter gemitum pontus dedit, accepitque profundo.
At positæ immani vix demùm in classe carinæ
Ignibus incendunt iras; simul ora cavernis
Mille immensa tonant, cursu mille alta volucres
Lambunt astra globi, rapidique per æthera tendunt.
Tantum flamma furit, tantum exsilit ignea grando.
Fit sonitus tectis suprà, murisque vagatur
Ferrum informe, ingens; nec vi peritura, nec arte
Illa immota manet; scopulis illisa resultant
Pondera, defessumque relinquunt impetum in auris.

Ecce pater belli, mediis ELIOTTUS in armis
Insidit, fidens animis ac suscitat iras.
Panduntur subitò rupes, saxique sub ipso
Limine stant monstra immensis ærata cavernis
In numerum, eructant flammas, ignemque volutant.
Jam visum omne ignes saxum exspirare caminis,
Flammantesque globi, ferreoque volumine fulmen
In naves sine fine ruunt, perque alta volantes
Mille trahunt arcus, et vivo lumine cœlum
Involvunt rutili circùm: procul AFRICA tellus
Vidit, et ardentem populi tremuêre ruinam.
Turbantur moles, belli spes tanta, per undas;
Perque foros suprà, per vix penetrabile tectum
Descendit vapor, & pleno subit igne carinas.
Jam flammæ exsuperant; incluso sulphure monstra
Dissiliunt, multamque bibunt exusta paludem.
Atque hic à mediis pelagi NASSAVIUS undis,
Jam mole amissâ, raptisque insignibus, heros
Vix trahit exceptam fugiens ad littora lintrem.
Sanguine qui famam sperat, qui cæde cruentus
Ostentat sævâ palmas, trahat ille senectam
Exul, inops, procul à patriâ, careatque sepulcro!
Hostibus at domitis, Dux magne, reponere gaudes
Fulmina; sic bello tu Marte potentior ipso.
Nam graviter spectans periturum in fluctibus hostem
Eripis è mediis præsens, miserescis et ultrò.

Dux invicte, animum tu quantum alienus ab illo
Cæsare, qui victor quondam jactare solebat
Mille tot in GALLIS ferro cecidisse virorum!
Intereà passim medias descendit in undas
ANGLIA, et imperium pelagi sibi destinat armis.
En patriæ classes lætâ cernuntur ab arce
Sublimes pelago, primisque in puppibus heros
HOVEUS insurgit, Britonum certa anchora nautis!
Felix ante alios, unum quem tanta juventus
Deposcit factique ducem, comitemque laborum!
Cui gens magna, maris domitrix, Neptunia sedes,
Tot ratibus, virtute virûm tot clara per oras,
Commissas gaudet classes, nomenque marinum!
Felix, qui mediis, hostili classe fugatâ,
Fulges victor aquis, pacatum et fluctibus æquor
Stare jubes, pleno circùm dum copia cornu
Littore fundit opes, arcemque optata revisit!
Nec jam castra tenent hostes; illi agmine fracto
Lethales fugiunt oras, atque irrita bella.
Panditur arx omnis, nullo stant milite portus
Obsessi, pendet vacuus sine molibus agger.
En etiam, suave incedens, nunc alma revisit
Pax terras, defessa petunt en sæcla quietem!
Jam furor ecce jacet; nusquam resonare profundum
Nunc armis, nusquam belli tremere ictibus arces
Noverunt; tacitæ tendunt per marmora classes.

Ipse redux placidos, muris atque arce relictâ,
Labitur in fluctus juvenis, patriamque requirit
Intentus; tandem felix in limine tecti
Complexusque Larem, et pendens circùm ora parentis
Attenti, vigiles annos, longumque laborem,
Cedentemque refert non æquo milite IBERUM.
ANGLIA, sic te jam teneant hæc blanda potentem
Otia, sic revocata quies, placidæque sorores
Invisant artes populum: tuque annue votis,
Dux magne, O adsis longum productus in ævum!
Quicquid adest belli pretium, quæ gloria pacis,
A te principium; te lætâ voce BRITANNI
Conclamant patriæque patrem, pignusque salutis;
Te fluctus, te saxa sonant, arcesque parentem!

1783. B. L.

ELEGY,

ON THE ERECTION OF A COUNTY BRIDEWELL ON THE SPOT WHERE PART OF READING ABBEY STOOD.

WHAT new-raised pile, by modern art displayed,
Gleans 'mid yon ancient towers of tottering stone,
And mocks with glare profane the sacred shade,
By hoary Time o'er the dim Ruins thrown?

Stay, impious hand! the rude design forbear!
Let not the builder on that spot intrude,
Where erst Religion poured her secret prayer,
And Learning claimed the peaceful solitude.

Ah! spare the feelings of a youthful breast,
That mourns Antiquity's neglected pile,
Nor wound the fond ideas long imprest
By pious musings thro' the vaulted isle.

Oft have I loved, by brooding Fancy led,
To haunt the confines of the solemn scene,
What time still eve her dusky mantle spread,
And tinged with deeper hue the distant green,

There have I loved the faint remains to trace
Of many an antique room, and many a cell,
Where scarce a stone, thro' all the grass-grown space,
Survives, its ancient site and form to tell.

Here Henry, in more zealous days long past,
His gifts of rich munificence bestowed,
And reared, amid th' uncultivated waste,
The holy Monast'ry's majestic load.

Here too, with orison and tapered rite,
In his own fane the Monarch's corse was laid;
And high his plumed helm and banners bright
Glittered aloof beneath the raftered shade.

And round, inshrined in consecrated mould,
Lay many a mitred Father of the place,
Whose steady rule these subject seats controlled,
And swayed, with mildest care, the studious race.

But, pleased our search to cheat, destroying Time
Has torn each relic from the walls away;
No moss-grown monument, or half-spelt rhyme,
Their secret tombs and mouldering bones betray.

Far from the world, within these walks confined,
To solitude a peaceful life was given:
The hand of Science humanized the mind,
And pure Religion winged the soul to Heaven.

Here sage Instruction o'er a darkened land
Her lessons far diffused of wisest lore;
While Hospitality, with loaded hand,
And smiling Plenty, oped the crowded door.

Shall then the bones of buried Saints be torn
With rudest insult from their sacred tomb,
And o'er the ruined isles and graves forlorn
The dreary Prison shed unhallowed gloom?

Shall then unfeeling Vice pollute these towers
With hoarse Impiety's tumultuous train?
Shall Ignorance here waste th' unlettered hours,
And sullen guilt brood o'er his midnight chain?

Here warm Devotion once, in notes of praise,
Oft bade the faithful vow to Heaven arise,
Oft in full service poured her chanted lays,
And led the pomp of solemn sacrifice.

Full oft the passenger at evening slow,
By THAMES's marge, or KENNET's neighbouring bound,
Would stop to hear the pealing organs blow,
Or catch the loud Hosannah's sacred sound.

But now no breast, inflamed with pious heat,
Shall hymn the Maker in his hallowed fane.
Far, far Devotion flies th' unkindly seat,
And Infidelity usurps her reign.

Far other echoes with unholy sound
Shall now the shuddering passenger assail:
The song of ribaldry shall roar around,
And frequent curses load the nightly gale.—

Here Hist'ry once her faithful annals wrought,
And Poetry oft planned the Minstrel's tale.
Here wrapt Philosophy in musing thought
O'er the dim taper kept her vigils pale.

But now no arts these altered seats reveal,
Save where, yon melancholy cells within,
Reluctant toil shall ply the drowsy wheel,
Or urge the busy hammer's ceaseless din.

No more with storied tints the tapestried hall
Presents the pious vow and famed crusade;
But Indolence around the furrowed wall
Full many a shapeless figure has portrayed.

Where once the slender-shafted window rose,
With pictured forms of hoary saints arrayed,
Now frowns the narrow grate, and sternly throws
On each dim wall a solitary shade.

Ye loved ideas, then, that once would rise,
To soothe the pensive bosom, all adieu!
Since from the scene each ancient image flies,
And sights unclassic haunt th' indignant view.

Farewell, the Cross, oft seen with holy gaze;
Farewell, the altar's incense-breathing pile;
The choir's deep melody, the taper's blaze;
The twilight cloister, and resounding isle!

Thus, while she marks the change with drooping head,
Sad Fancy pours around her plaintive lay,
And sorrowing views the fairy visions fled,
That graced Antiquity's romantic day!

1785.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES,

BETWEEN HORACE AND ADDISON.

Addison. Thy converse, Horace, in these hallowed shades,
Perfects Elysium, as on earth thy lyre
Has often warbled half my cares away.
Enchanting bard! whose eye distinctly saw
Truth, as thy Muse, without one hurrying step,
Would trace all Helicon, its sunny lawns,
Groves, and green dells, aërial cliffs, and streams.
Thence could I rein, still studious of thy laws,
The wild excesses of the Western bard,
And from the rude shell of our sea-beat shore
Draw forth the silver-sounding airs, that proved
My fond observance of thy charming Muse.

Horace. Hence has the Critic spared thy classic toils;
And every polished Briton, at thy name,
Towers in his pride, and bids the Latins bow.

A. Be thine the praise: for me thy precepts taught
Soft on my themes to shed the gracious hues,
And on my flowers the gentlest moon-light lay.

H. Say such a light as on the champaign sleeps,
At earliest blush of dawn in chearful Spring,
When not a cloud athwart the cool air throws
One glooming shade, and all the birds in song,
Beneath the blue expanse of fragrant morn,
Skim the clear air, and celebrate the May.

A. How pleasing is Elysium! man meets man,
Studious of mutual honor; kindness here
Reigns, and Desert expands beneath applause.

H. Yet own, my friend, that if thy genius poured
The verse, that ever flows correctly sweet;
If thine so blest a temper, that with thee
Ev'n in the train of Humor, Wisdom played,
While the light finger of the Graces twined
The flowers of Fancy for thy placid brow,
And thee their second SOCRATES proclaimed;—
Still own, my candid friend, that Art in thee
Oft checked that fire of genius, whose display
Presents those nobler images of things,
That spread to human gaze celestial sights,

And feast the soul of man with that sublime,
On which the Gods might banquet on their thrones.

A. Nine years, O Bard, review your works with care,
Touch and retouch, on earth was your advice.——

H. Wrung from my soul, when Folly's torrent roared
Rough o'er my nerves, and jarred my trembling frame.

A. Has Time then taught you to be less austere?

H. Yes; and to reverence more the human powers,
Seen in more various lights: and thence I scorn
The pride, that rushes to the Critic's chair,
To point the courses of the self-taught bard.
His track is ordered, yet but few there are
Born to discern what most are born to feel,
And mark the means, whose end is their delight.
Then give the Poet way, and let him mount;
Keen is his eye, precipitous his thought,
And vast his view; and when he kens his prey,
He bears upon it with the lightning's speed.

But bound and pinioned by the Critic's laws,
Precluded from Invention's vast domain,
He weeps his useless art; and well may weep
An art, that marks him with superior woe.
If, like your British GRAY, impelled by pride,
He strike a few fine numbers from his lyre,
To prove his heaven-born licence, soon he throws
His lyre away, and droops in pensive sloth.

A. Words sweeter wed with Truth, when Truth most warms,
And in the generous impulse numbers rise,
Struck out by Nature, such as Art's slow touch,
When pausing o'er the lyre,—the Critic near,
And guiding her chilled fingers,—never raised.

H. Invention's children,—and what is the bard
Without invention?—flourished ere the birth
Of Critic, or regardless of his frown,
Rose on their wing, and reached their heavenly height.
Thus the strong plume of HOMER gained the brow
Of Glory's arduous steep, where now he stands
Triumphant, and the still progressive shouts
Of all the civilizing Nations hears.

A. Thence, in the misty eve of polished states,
He marks how many Poets toiling force
Their glimmerings from the cold earth, 'till anon,
Spark after spark extinct in total night,
Gone is the meteor, the mere pageant closed.
Not so this orb of Glory: still he shines,
Firm in his sphere, and boundless in his sway,
The blazing leader of the heavenly lights.

H. Too much I chained my genius to the car
Of Art's slow-stepping pomp, and toiled to hide
The golden glories of a fire divine
Within the Pedant's damp sepulchral gloom.
Why want my Odes the dread ALCÆAN fire,
The tender SAPPHO's pathos-breathing flame?
But oh, how far beneath the solar walk,
That touches on the threshold of the Gods,
Where PINDAR's shaft so warbled in its way,
That all the Nine sat listening, flew my reed!

A. Ev'n in mid air within a CÆSAR's ken,
Whom VIRGIL and yourself miscalled a GOD,
That you might share his pleasure-paven bowers,
And trill at ease Ambition's languid lay.
Hence, my loved VIRGIL, thy melodious verse

Enchants us less than HOMER's: softly sweet
Warbled thy pastoral reed, yet sweeter far,
In all his rude unlabored minstrelsy,
SICILIA's shepherd poured his Doric airs.

H. By such a flowing grace, EURIPIDES,
Thy fertile fancy, and thy tender soul
Drew from the manly Greek so many tears,
And feasted Wisdom with the softest woe.

A. And why so many tears, but that the Bard
Flowed unobstructed thro' the easy way,
Where Nature led his free meandring course?

H. It was the purest stream, and freely flowed
By Nature's favor, where her fairest scenes
Shone in its mirror with augmented grace.

A. Not thus alone; for Nature's docile son,
Oft SOPHOCLES transcribed her dread decrees,
And taught aspiring ATHENS to repress
Her daring spirit, by presenting man
The child of woe and dire vicissitude.
Nor deem I that the lofty ÆSCHYLUS
Could deign to crouch in penance at the feet
Of lecturing Art a learner.

H. What to learn?
His own dread powers? If Art could teach what Art
Has never taught mankind, the daring force,
By which invading Horror's drear domain
He thence drew forth such forms as nearly roused
To frantic rage the heart of those, who dared
The world in arms.

A. O imitative ROME,
O'er thee how GREECE, o'er thee how BRITAIN soars!
For rising strong on Nature's forest wing,
Our bird of AVON sprang aloft from earth,
And, with the lark's aerial melody,
Carolled at ease, and won th' enchanted heart.

H. Say rather, Briton, and exulting say,
That on his Pegasus thy British bard
Vaulted all fire, and more triumphant rode
Than on Bucephalus proud PHILIP's son,
When mounting first before his trembling sire,
He ruled the steed, that would no master bear
But the predestined conqueror of the world.

A. Was it not art, by which the godlike youth
Ruled the bold steed?

H. If art, the manly Art,
That checks awhile to heighten Nature's fire,
Nor damps it, but to rouse the brighter blaze.
I but proscribe the pedantry of Art:
Allow not man's poor rivalry with Heaven,
A pedant to direct a Comet's force;
Nor deem a school-boy's satchel holds the rules,
That fix the wanderings of a SHAKESPEARE's soul.

A. Yet we must own this sun had 'scaped some spots,
Which never dimmed the gorgeous lights of Greece,
Had somewhat more of Art repressed his fire.

H. Oh, no! those ages could not thus offend.
The very temper of those ages shed
Grace on the Muses: all was Nature's reign,
In that soft climate where she reigns with joy.
New were her works to picturing Fancy, new
The Bard melodious; thence a ready ear
Rapture bestowed, and fed his powers with praise:
Thence, canopied with ever-blooming bays,
Th' Aonian chariot, richly gliding on,
Triumphant bore the Demi-god of verse,
HOMER, and from the polished Grecian drew
The thunderous shout, whose echo never dies.

A. HOMER, whose genius framed that lofty strain,
In which th' Olympian Senate might debate,
Was in an age of simple manners born,
Ere Art had twisted language from its course,
Ere yet this Hydra from her hundred heads
Had poured her poison through the jarring schools.

H. When the hoar vapors o'er the desart hang,
(The Bard shall lend an image for himself)
Altho' the Lion cannot from his mane
Shake every dew-drop, he's a Lion still.

A. When SHAKESPEARE errs, can witlings err like him?

H. Gold is his refuse, diamond is his dross,
Weighed with their finished follies, tinselled toys.
Had Art repressed him, had he nursed nine years
The glowing products of his ardent soul,
Their fire had vanished.

A. Wherefore vanished mine,
But that the fear of censure checked my Muse,
And chiding Judgment rocked it into sleep?
Oh! had the fearless SHAKESPEARE thus been lulled,
Where had his fairies, elves and spirits been,

His growling Calibans, his goblins damned,
Soul-harrowing ghosts, and weird dames of hell,
His touches true, that paint the times renowned,
The very color of those carolled days,
When his loved HARRY fought at Agincourt?
Had LEAR so maddened, and so wrung your hearts,
When storms assailed, and daughters worse than storms,
That "old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all,"
Who, 'mid the pelting of the midnight blast,
When all the thundering Heavens were in a flame,
No shelter found, no hovel for that head,
Where once had blazed the diadem of Kings?
Could Art have taught this mighty passion's Lord,
This 'witching SHAKESPEARE, so to murder sleep,
To start at shadows, fancied daggers clench,
As when he bared the pangs of "pent up guilts,
And rived their close concealing continents?"

H. Could Art have opened FALSTAFF's mine of wit,
And such a vein of Attic humour poured;
Have lent the keenness and the strength of mind,
To animate the mimic stage with life,
And in the hottest action of the host,

Assign each actor's place, nor let him swerve
Alike from Duty's post, and Nature's walk?

A. No: had he toiled to give his fancies birth,
Produced them palsied from a tedious growth,
And shaped his native passions 'till they met
The sympathies of censuring mechanism *,
The spleen of crampt cold-blooded pedantry——

H. Perdition! what a loss had Time deplored
Thro' all his ages!

A. Then the human heart,
That wonderous labyrinth, had ne'er been traced,
This clue withheld, nor Wisdom thence acquired
The richest boon that Genius ever gave.

H. This boon neglected Genius gives no more,
But mourns in solitude his glory fallen.

* If men of this description will blame because they cannot sympathize, they are as illiberal as the Poet, who would ridicule the deductions of the Metaphysician: the latter is not obliged to relish Milton, or the former Locke. The characteristic excellence of different lines is not to be sacrificed to this desire of universal sympathy; yet he, who can taste every form of excellence, manifests the purest feelings, and the soundest judgment.

When VIRGIL lived, the thundering Theatre
Received him as it wont th' Imperial God—
I heard the roar, I seem ev'n now to hear—
Old Tiber trembled thro' his vaulted shores,
And Echo early taught his praise from Fame.

A. But in a cold and hypercritic age,
An age diseased by sordid thirst of gain,
By mean ambitions and by mean delights,
Wit nods, and Folly's only roused by spleen;
Then Learning's equal radiance, far diffused,
Bids many wish to be what few are born.

H. The strokes of Dulness bruise the Muse's shell,
Mechanics mount the Stagirite's high seat,
And, sitting at her frame, the prating maid
Carps at a word, nor heeds the dulcet chime,
Which in Elysium charms our perfect sense,
Makes PROSERPINE's enchanted bosom heave,
And darts a thrill thro' PLUTO's iron cheek.—

A. But hark! th' Orphean lyre; and by the Bard
MÆONIDES and MARO raptured stand!

H. The Greek Tragedians hasten from their groves!

A. And PETRARCH hurries from his laurel bower!

H. Lo, from yon fane majestic MILTON comes!

A. And SHAKESPEARE from yon cliff! he lifts his lyre.

H. See how the breezes back his ringlets blow,
And play their sweet pranks with his glittering robe!

A. Mark ARIOSTO's desultory step!
The tender SPENCER pacing by his side!

H. TASSO comes forward from the vale of palms,
And DANTE rises from his gloomy glade!

A. Ah! PINDAR's self has seized his golden lyre,
Sinks all his soul into the sounding chords,
And chants aloud, and join the Muse's son!—

H. O God of verse, these numbers might bring down
Thee and the Nine from Heaven!

A. O God of verse,
Thy edict from the first assigned the Bard

An energy to fire the sons of men
To highest worth, and give sublimest Truth
The richest robing of persuasive speech,
Where Music, Passion, and Invention spread
Before the wondering earth their bright array,
To lift us high above its jarring scenes,
Within the view of that harmonious Grace,
Which forms, and fills, and beautifies the Heavens!

1788. B. T.

CICERO TO CATILINE.

AN ODE.

Gods of our Fathers! that ev'n here
Thou, Catiline, shouldst dare appear;
Thus load our patience; thus defy
The Consul, whose relentless eye
Traces thy dark designs! ah, see
The public looks all bent on thee!
See menaced Rome, on every side
Supported, stem thy murderous tide!
This awful Senate, wert thou wise
To read thy history in their eyes,
Would show thee that thy last atrocious night,
Thy guilt, thy inmates have not 'scaped their sight.

O times! O manners! this we know,
And I, the Consul, mark the blow
Thy fury aims; and yet this place
Thou with thy presence darest disgrace!
What unimagined horror reigns,
Whilst, not unmarked, thou doomest to chains,

To death, whome'er thou, parricide,
Deemst firm to check thy traiterous pride.
And now, ev'n now, thy vulture eye
Marks those adjudged by thee to die:
And we, we Romans,—fall of ROME indeed!—
Deem it a triumph not by thee to bleed.

Old Roman Virtue frowns to find my heart
Still lingering to perform the Consul's part;
And SCIPIO cries from Glory's tomb,
"Consul of ROME, remember me,
And fix a direr traitor's doom,
Than when I GRACCHUS slew, thy ROME to free!"

So Roman worth once towered sublime;
But oh! the ravages of Time,
The lapse of Honor! Wisdom still
Dictates her course to recreant will,
And all the Senate's power in me
Hangs, a dread menace, over thee.
Then, CATILINE, shall this great trust,
Wrapt in its sheath, a weapon, rust?
Still shalt thou live, though still the same,
Or hardening in thy cruel aim,
Defying fear, a stranger to remorse,
Ravening for blood, and raging on thy course?

What! wouldst thou tear up from its base
ROME, and thus close thy murderous race?
Far, far less fell were his desires,
Less baleful his destructive fires,
Whom SCIPIO slew; for but to know
That GRACCHUS was his country's foe,
Impious against his mother's weal,
Drew nobly forth th' avenging steel.—
Thou direr parricide?—O days,
When now no more 'tis counted praise
All up in arms to rise, when deeds like thine
Should, like the lightning, shake the soul supine!

What more would thy flagitious guilt pursue?
Nor night, nor home's recess conceal from view
Thy new-born crime, each dread design.
O! then, relent, nor more defy,
Thy guilt abjured, the Powers divine,
Who reared that ROME, a Roman would destroy!

Mercy, you Fathers, I revere:
But ought not I, the Consul, fear
Lest its loved influence o'er my soul
The Consul's, Patriot's part control?
The traitor's host ETRURIA sees,
His war grows stronger by degrees.

Here sits the leader; here, ev'n here,
Of human shame, of human fear
Lavish, and monstrously defies
The vengeful horror of our eyes.
Should I now doom thee, parricide, to die,
I dread the charge of sloth, not cruelty.

And darest thou, traitor, meet this light,
Remembering the preceding night!
Yes, for in LECCA's house with thee
Were Senators, whom now I see,
Were Senators of ROME, who dare
Thus in thy dire disgrace to share.—
Why not defy me, bid me name
These proofs, these partners of thy shame?—
An universal silence reigns,
So dread thy guilt; but ROME complains
That now, O wide-spread guilt! the good and wise
Dare not disclose it to the public eyes.

Yet, glorious ROME, with all thy fanes divine,
Whose Gods to thee the conquered would assign,
Thy Consul tells thee that a race,
True to thy cause, and armed with power,
Shall guard thee still on Glory's base,
Safe from the storms, that o'er thy temples lower.

Gods! that in ROME that wretch appears,
Whom CATILINE can shake with fears;
Or one be found so gross of mind,
A fiend so fierce to human kind,
As not to call from me the blow,
That sinks in death its fiercest foe.
Death is thy due, but death to thee
Bids not, O traitor, thine to flee.
But I, with JOVE's protecting aid,
Shall still their savage haunts pervade,
And while their Stygian fury points its aim,
Dash down the brand, and quench the bursting flame.

Hence, CATILINE, nor idly stay,
Hovering in vain to seize thy prey;
And burdens of their native air,
Hence all thy throng of vultures bear!
ETRURIA's cliffs affords the race,
The ruthless crew, their fitting place.
Why linger here, and madly wait
Till the cloud burst of general hate?
No longer injured ROME shall see
Aghast with shame and horror, Thee.

Ill-omened, hence the Consul bids thee go!—
Sayst thou to exile?—Say the Fathers no?—

Mark, mark their silence! mark it with dismay.
Hence then to exile, and my zeal display:
For sure thy closing guilt shall prove
That when I bid thee hence depart,
I speak the Consul's patriot love,
And show that ROME is written in my heart!

1788. B. T.

CHORUS,

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY V.

NIGHT slowly walks this ample round,
Where nought but creeping murmurs sound;
And, linked in arm with wildering fear,
She startles, tho' no danger near.
These creeping murmurs, to the day
Unknown, redouble Horror's sway.
How dismal Night, from earth and skies
When many-coloured Beauty flies,
Following the bright-haired Sun, and yields
To hermit thought her darkened fields!
Ah me! what meets my ear from yonder plain,
Where Sleep half holds the warrior in his chain?

He dreams of conquest, dreams of flight,
Now starts to see some gory sight,
And wildly waking stares around,
But hears no more the trumpet sound.

Then listening, throbs of glory feels,
As from each army stilly steals
One universal hum; to me
Whispering it says: What woe to see
Yon blooming child of Glory toil
To win in burnished arms her smile,
When haply, ere a second sun shall rise,
A naked, mangled, clay-cold corse he lies.

Blow, blow, you winds, to fit a night, that leads
Bellona's day, one storm of deathful deeds!
But this still night, ah list! might bear
From watch to watch the whispered word;
And lo! on this smooth sea of air
I hear it on its way, with terror heard.

Fire answers fire; the paly flame
Shows many an eager son of Fame,
And thro' this night each umbered face
Frowns into horror nature's grace,
Boding the morrow's martial zeal,
Which all shall rue, and most shall feel.
While o'er the plain, where soon they bleed,
Loud neighs the fire-eyed steed to steed,
Startling dull night with dire essay
Of battle's more terrific bray,

When Pain, and Rage and Hate, with all their force,
Thro' floods of gore precipitate their course.

Now from his tent the valiant knight
Comes forth, ambitious of the fight,
His armorer calls, and lifts his eye,
In vain, to view the breaking sky.
Shrill on his arms the hammer rings,
A war-song to the brave it sings;
To dastard hearts a moan of woe;
For heard yon cock's once-cheering crow,
For heard yon village bells, which say:
"Prepare you for the bloody day,"
Pale-visaged Baseness on their hearts dismayed,
Cold as the grave, her marble hand has laid.

The GALLIC hosts all heart, all fire, all flame,
Chide the slow Night, and wish the hag less lame.
Gay in their mood, and strong in power,
They count the ENGLISH band, and smile,
Triumphant in the Night's late hour,
And clamorous for the Day's all-conquering toil.

Not thus, O Day, from Night's dark shore
The ENGLISH thy advance explore.

But victim like, with sleepless eye,
Sit by their fires, and droop, and sigh,
Fearful the rolling in of day
Should waft their age-piled fame away.
Their looks, tho' fixed upon the ground,
Glance on the gestures sad around:
And as the fires, dim gleaming, show
The war-worn coat, the haggard woe;
The lank-lean visage wan, the hopeless gloom,
Each seems a horrid ghost beside his tomb.

Praise on his head, see HARRY there,
Active his drooping host to cheer!
From tent to tent the Hero goes,
From watch to watch, and oft bestows
Good-morrow with a gentle grace,
In which the fearless smile I trace.
My friends, my brothers! still he cries;
And when they mark his sparkling eyes,
His roseate bloom, and royal air,
Untainted by this night of care,
Their frost of fear before his sun-like ray,
The largess of his lustre, melts away.

And now, relumined all their wonted fire,
Brave ENGLAND's sons the dawn of day desire;

And when they mark the vaunting foe,
The lightning flash of HARRY's eye,
Scorn at th' enrounding hosts in shouts they throw,
And, clashing on their shields, ST. GEORGE AND
VICTORY cry!

B. T.

HOUARDUS CARCERES INVISENS.

Angliacis jampridem oris, patriasque per urbes
Gens hominum misera in claustris, immania fata
Casusque infandos frustrà sub vincla gemebant:
Cùm tu, magne parens, insueto Houardius ausu,
Cùm tu tecum unà sortem miseratus acerbam,
Et caro impulsus studio, dulcique labore,
Tandem infelicis solatia pandere vitæ
Aggrederis, longumque paras lenire dolorem.
Quippe etenim infaustas ubi jam illætabilis oras
Carceris, et diri intrârunt penetralia tecti,
Cœpta ibi mox omnis vitäi dia voluptas
Cedere, et in luctus retro immutarier atros.
Tum graviter pressos ingenti pondere ferrum
Ussit, et immites arcebant membra catenæ.
Et sæpe instrato prædura in saxa cubili
Æstatem, aut sævas hiberno frigore noctes
Pertulerunt; donec miseris labentibus annis
Defecere animi longis mœroribus ægri
Paulatim, et labefacta vigor tandem ossa reliquit.
Sed non ulli adeò durâ sub lege labores
Scilicet, aut rigidi quanquam inclementia cœli,

Neve fames, nec jam ardentes sitis arida venas
Depascens, quantùm devota per agmina morbi
Miscebant stragem ; claustrorum ita septa venenum
Sufficiunt nempe, et mortem lethalia spargunt.
Quippe homines, pecudesque atque omnia sæcla animantûm
Aura quidem tenuis subtili flumine pascit,
Per nares patulas quæ primùm, atque oris hiatus,
Aamissa, in varios artus ac viscera sensim
Diditur hinc ima, et toto se corpore miscet.
Ergo eadem assiduis ventis si percita largo
Pura fluat spatio, servetque agitata tenorem,
Crescere tunc fœtus omnes, pinguesque per agros
Hinc pecudes videas lætasque instare volucres ;
Ante alios genus humanum trahere inde vigorem
Usque novum, et roseâ sese vestire juventâ.
At si jam angusto conclusus limite nullos
Accipiat motus, densoque humore putrescat,
Aut aliam quamvis labem conceperit aer,
Continuò hinc languor miseris, tristesque sequuntur
Morborum species, et lethi mille figuræ.
Imò hic vitalis quanquam et spirabilis aer,
Pectore qui ex imo membris alimenta ministrat,
Nempe idem in venas si sæpius insinuârit,
Aera neu capiat permistum extrinsecùs ullum

Retractus toties, sensim corrumpitur omnis
Hinc tibi, neve haustus poterit præstare salubres.
Quin hominum et summo semper de corpore salsos
Emanare ferunt æstus, putresque vapores,
Atque illos latè in partes dispergier omnes
Undique circuitu et totâ immiscerier aurâ.
Multùm adeò causasque domus, et cæca cavernæ
Adjumenta mali præbent, quando altior intùs
In tectis ingens longùm collectus aquäi
Stet liquor, et tepido sudent humore lacunæ.
Sive aliquod forsan illoto in limine cœnum
Immundam nebulam, et tetros exhalet odores,
Præcipuè jam tum propior si Sirius agros
Torreat æstivos, et Jupiter uvidus Austris
Incumbens pluviis contristet nubibus orbem.
Tum virus cœlum omne tibi, et contagia venti
Concipiunt avidè, non ullo tempore tantùm
Horrescens vulgò febres ardere malignas
Per populum aspicies, et tristia funera duci.
Hinc adeò semper sævo sub carcere cernes
Aera corrumpi citiùs, diversaque sese
Morborum genera, et varias ostendere clades.
Sæpiùs hic, vitio aurarum putrore coorto,
Fervida vis homines flammäi, et mortifer æstus
Insinuat, corpusque hinc omne amplectitur ĩgni.
Aut diram illuviem scabies per membra supernè

Suscitat, aut fœdam turpârunt ulcera pellem,
Seu nodos furtim illapsus penetravit ad imos
Scorbutus membrorum, atque ossibus altus inhæsit,
Sæpe etiam et tristis crudeli tabe Marasmus
Confectum luctu, longisque laboribus ægrum
Occupat, et tardè absumptos depascitur artus.
Quid referam, quoties atris nutrita cavernis,
Dum miser assiduè clauso captivus in antro
Carpitur, et solâ mœrens secum incubat umbrâ,
Pestis acerba ultro populum dispersa per omnem
Egreditur, latasque domos contagibus implet!
Primùm incerta quidem per totum frigora corpus
Percurrunt; tremulæque manus, viresque sub imis
Ossibus, invalidique intùs per viscera nervi
Procubuere; et sub noctem calor aridus artus
Porrò, atque ad tactum tractantibus igneus urit.
Æstusque interdùm, atque immundus olentibus humor
Exire è membris, largoque erumpere fluctu.
Sæpe videbis item sparsos hic inde rubores
Fundere se, maculisque sinus signare cruentos.
Mox caput atque humeri magnis cruciatibus illinc
Tentari; et rapidus circùm præcordia sanguis
Volvitur; ast idem morituris lentior ibit
Contrà, nec pressas pulsabit flumine venas.
Tum subitos æger lymphato corde furores

Concipit, atque atras frustrà effervescit in iras ;
Ac sæpe ingentes magno molimine nisus
Edit, et impositas tendit divellere vestes :
Aut mœsta in terram defixo lumina vultu
Dejicit, et lacrymis humectat tristibus ora ;
Inde ubi jam rabiem explevit vis morbida tandem,
Proluvie demum nigrâ, taboque fluente
Viscera solvuntur ; donec lethi acrior ictus
Eluctantem animam per caulas corporis omnes
Discutiat raptim, et vitalia vincula rumpat.
At verò extremâ infelix dum in morte tenetur,
Gaudia multa olim, et lætos reminiscitur annos
Nequicquam, tenui cùm sub lare pabula tectum
Dulcia præbebat, nulloque infecta veneno
Purior à gelidis spirabat vallibus aura.
Hæc ille, hæc vidit miserans crudelia primus
Nempè animo vigili, promptisque HOUARDIUS ausis,
Fata virûm, casusque ultrò respexit iniquos.
Quare etiam aggreditur, secumque hinc mente sagaci
Consilium, et magnas volvit jam in pectore curas.
Scilicet ut duram immiti sub fœdere normam
Immutare queat, moremque abolere nefandum.
Majoresque adeò, conversâ lege, recessus
Clausis, atque amplas spatioso limine sedes,
Et puras aurarum animas, victumque salubrem

Sufficere, et largos currenti flumine rivos;
Collectumque situm, et secretis abdita muris
Semina morborum abluere, immunemque periclis
Et nitidam penitus captivam reddere gentem.
Proinde omnem ut posset certo expendisse labore
Rem secum, et veras scitari ac quærere causas,
Ipse urbes patrias, atque oppida lata pererrans,
Ingratos aditus non dedignatus obire
Claustrorum, atque arctas munitis mœnibus arces
Cæcasque intravit crassâ caligine fauces,
Impiger, et tetras condenso humore cavernas,
Atque antra immundos circùm exhalantia fumos.
Nec mala corruptis timuit contagia tectis,
Nec frustrà horribiles propiori funere morbos
Nimirum, usque adeo præsens in limine numen
Adfuit assiduè gradienti, atrosque vapores
Arcebat longè, et pestem mortemque fugavit.
Quinetiam patriam et dilecta hinc arva relinquens,
Ausus et EUROPÆ multas ex ordine terras
Lustrare, et penitus longinqua invisere regna;
Ut rationem omnem, variasque edisceret artes
Nempe, et præcipuos cultus habitusque locorum:
Quamcumque ad lætas BATAVUS felicior urbes
In claustris justo exercet sub fœdere legem;
Quasve etiam fovet, hyberni procul accola mundi,

Moscovæ ad fines, Codanique in littore longè,
Russiacus pœnas acres, normamque severam;
Quoque modo, flavus quà jam per pinguia Iberum
Arva Tagus, camposque æternâ æstate virentes
Effluit hinc lato Lisboica in æquora fluctu,
Gens effræna virûm sævâ sub relligione
Sanguineam in cædem, et funestas surgit ad iras
Improba; qualisve admotis vicinior oris
Per populos vigilem conservat Gallia morem.
Nimirùm sæpe hìc, si vera est fama, repentè
Incola ad incensi imperium nutumque tyranni
Carcere vi magnâ furtim occultatur in arcto;
Nec tristes natos audit, fletusque relictæ
Conjugis, aut socios ad limina nota vocantes
Prætereà; at longos nequicquam obscurus in annos
Servatus, sortem indignam et solatia secum
Rapta querens, mœstamque animam sub vincula fundit.

Illud in his etiam hinc animo secum ipse capaci
Jam struit, et magnâ molitur mente laborem,
Ut divisa procul Byzanti ad mœnia Turcas
Commonstrare queat medicos solertior usus,
Auxilioque juvare, et pestem arcere malignam.
Quippe etenim infelix certis gens partibus anni
Vastari latè corrupto ex aere fines
Conspicit, atque urbem penitus contage teneri;

Neve malo in tanto potis est sperare salutem,
Neu tractare artes, nec contrà obsistere tendit:
Scilicet haud ullo dum jam medicamine pelli
Altè ægro hærentem credit de corpore morbum
Nec precibus flecti quanquam, miserisque querelis
Posse DEI naturam, at fati fœdere certo
Regnare, et vitæ pactos imponere fines.
Hæc tu, magne pater, tantis erroribus actus
Usque paras; hæc te ducit præclara cupido
Tot mundi lustrantem oras et littora circùm;
Quamvis jamdudum per membra effœta senectus
Sollicitans serò tandem decedere sæclo
Admoneat, dulcemque optet defessa quietem:
Ergo ni fugeres, et te cura ista gravaret,
Officii talis, tantarumque ANGLIA rerum
Hinc memor, in lætos iret jam effusa triumphos
Ecce tibi, et meritum ritè instauraret honorem:
Sed tu non æquâ nimirùm ea præmia mente
Accipis, aut propriæ tangunt tibi pectora laudes;
At pietas tantùm, et Superi te jussa JEHOVÆ
Magna movent, qui nunc ad cœpta ingentia præsens
Usque etiam hortatur, certamque in sæcula secum
Promittit sedem, atque annos sine fine beatos.

B. L.

ODE TO FUN.

WISDOM, hence! and seek thy crony,
Religion grave,
In some lone cave,
With hermit Virtue, lantern-jawed and bony.
Or seek some parsonage mean,
Where yews and ghastly graves deform the scene,
Where the tithe-pigs seldom squeak,
But squalling brats disturb the Vicar meek,
Nor let him read, nor let him pray,
Nor e'er know Pleasure's holy-day;
There, Wisdom, there with sober Sadness stay.

Hither, Goddess, blithe and boon,
Whom on Earth we title FUN!
But the name in heaven you bear,
Who can tell, that is not there?
Spread thy wing, and hither flee,
Since I solely worship thee;
Whom, as sing the seers of yore,
Malice keen to Laughter bore.

Goddess, from thy jovial air,
We thy jocund Sire declare;
While thy Mother's force is seen
Doubled in thy spirit keen.
Haste then, Goddess, and to me
Bring thy whole artillery;
Squibs and crackers, salt and brandy,
Sheets for ghosts, and bludgeons handy.
Down we batter shrove-tide cocks,
Batter down the borough's blocks,
Where, beside the travelled way,
Wont plebeian wights display
Or Pomona's fruitage fair,
Or the potter's shining ware.
Hark! I hear the wonderous fall!
Bolts out Goodman from the stall—
Up the street, and up the lane,
Some to scold, and some to cane.
Turnips scooped and bladders blown,
Bring the string, and bring the stone,
This for window, that for door,
And a thousand trap-toys more,
Precious load for urchin play,
On the lengthened holy-day.

Oh, what bliss, at dead of night,
Village Thestylis to fright,
From the market as she steals
Homeward by the church, and feels
All the fears her childhood brought,
From the tales her grandam taught.
Candle, placed in bladder blown,
Glares a scull upon the stone:
Frenzied with the sight, she squalls,
Hears a rustle, faints, and falls—
Scours away the raptured boy,
Claps his hands, and hoots for joy.

Flooding fount of my delight,
Fount, O FUN, of all my might,
When thy tide supplies my course,
Countless wrecks proclaim its force.
Thy puissance to restrain,
Wisdom lifts an ægis vain:
Virtue's self beneath thy ray
Throws her cloak of state away.
Wit, that puny ape of thee,
Dares not use thy armoury:
Feebly flies his silver dart;
Thine, of steel, divides the heart.

Bear me now from rustic sport,
To my Queen's majestic court,
Where, in towered AUGUSTA, she
Shines with crowned authority.
There, 'mid pomp of tragic rage,
Oft will I frequent the stage,
And will urge the damning groan,
When some novel buskin 's on;
Or the shrill-toned catcal use,
Fatal to the strutting Muse.

What would Hypercritics do,
Were the beasts not quilled by you?
Wanting your offensive jeer,
Tiny bodies they appear,
Nor to battle would advance,
Till you armed their ignorance.
Virtue, genius, erudition,
Make unequal man's condition,
But that you your level lay,
To reduce their swelling sway.
Thus the Comic wag with ease
Tumbled down Sage SOCRATES;
And, with bellows armed and pokers,
ROCHESTER the cream of jokers,

With the fun of BUCKINGHAM,
HYDE's o'erbearing flood could dam.
Thus VOLTAIRE's facetious flings,
Conquering nobles, priests, and kings,
Show that Truth and Reason's sway
Must the power of FUN obey.
But since I a smaller dower
Boast of FUN's victorious power,
Let me all my compass fill,
Eking weakness out by will.
Sometimes at the dead of night
Let me zealous rise to write
Tales tremendous, murders dire,
Here a plague, and there a fire,
Or by fictions of my pen
Discord pour on peaceful men.

Mark yon canvas; on it see
Pathos, thought, and imag'ry,
TITIAN's tint, and GUIDO's grace,
Tree of CLAUDE, and RAPHAEL's face;
Yet as sure as I can sneer,
Mark I soon some blemish there:
All that 's rare is *overdone*
And *affected*, whispers FUN;

Envy stares with goggling eyes,
And the *lavish* labor spies.
Thus applied, my Satire's flame
Shrivels up that meed of fame,
Which the towering artist's view
Deemed from future times his due.

But to imps of younger sort
When I yield my keener sport,
Then will I repair my race
In some water-drinking place.
Bear me then to BLADUD's town,
There I'll build me new renown.
What tho' ANSTEY should be there,
Armed by thee I need not fear,
Fear his humor, taste refined,
Or his wit with truth combined.
Virtue, learning, wit and taste,
Banished thence with ANSTEY haste;
Long as ANSTEY there shall sing,
BATH shall be the Muses' spring.

And now, Goddess, what remains,
Meed of all my loyal pains?

Thro' thy warfare am I sure
Thou thy champion wilt secure
From Resentment's fatal blow,
Want and Pain's severest woe;
That I may in hope behold
Life in gathered honors old,
Wasting strength, yet blest with ease,
And departing by degrees?
Wilt thou then the pillow lend
Of the loved consoling friend?
At th' approach of Death's dark night
Shall bright visions bless my sight;
Fruits of actions good and kind
Shall I taste, and soothe my mind;
View, like Loveday *, roses glow
'Mid my honored age's snow,

* John Loveday, Esq. of Caversham near Reading, died in the year 1789. To those, who knew not this incomparable man, no words can convey an idea of his excellence. Those, who were acquainted with him, would think a description of his character inadequate to his merit. The "tears of fond remembrance, shed" by a numerous and respectable audience, before whom this Ode was recited, proved the public sense of the worth of a man, who had been a distinguished member of the School, an ornament to his Country, a rare example of practical Religion, and an honor to Humanity.

——— "When I am dead, be sure thou place his urn near mine," are the words put in the mouth of one of the

Ere arrived at life's last beach,
Hope with him the port to reach;
Show with him, ere hoary age
Bend on me his utmost rage,
In my cot, all safe and calm,
Friendship's warmth and Virtue's balm,
Whilst *without*, my well-earned praise
Decks my roof with sun-bright rays?
Shall I then with him perceive
Fairest forms in life's last eve,
Than in its tumultuous noon
Glared beneath the blazing sun;
Heaven in prospect, and a tomb
Decked with wreaths, that ever bloom;
Tears of fond remembrance shed,
More to praise than mourn the dead;
And a lasting meed to grace
Conquest in the noblest race?—

FUN, I do but jest with thee!
Thou shalt never govern me.

best of Romans by the English Poet. From the probability that his bones will rest near those of Mr. LOVEDAY, and of Mr. LOVEDAY's angelic Son-in-law, the writer of this note derives a most soothing consideration.

Taught by truth and sense, I think
  Thee more lowly than divine,
Cheating still thy fools with chink,
  While WISDOM pays with weightiest coin.

1789. B. T.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

O THOU! the Patriot Flame, whose sacred fire
Oft wont the faithful bosom to inspire;
Who best canst prompt the hardy youth to dare
In Freedom's cause th' embattled front of war;
Who, when his Country feels the fatal blow,
Canst touch the melting soul with generous woe,
Or o'er his brow diffuse Contentment's smile,
When Fates propitious bless his native Isle!
Thou, whose bright influence, in that time of yore,
When the Third WILLIAM reached our longing shore,
With new-born force each ardent soul imprest,
And breathed a fiercer glow in every breast;
When lowly bending with religious care,
The pious host awoke the solemn prayer,
And as BRITANNIA hailed the welcome sound,
Th' exulting song of triumph poured around!
O now! while kindred themes my bosom claim,
Of like importance and of equal fame,

To hail th' auspicious day with grateful strain,
That gives a SOVEREIGN to our vows again,
Do thou with kindred zeal my breast inspire,
And touch thy Poet with the Patriot's fire!

Unnumbered blessings crown the favored land,
Where virtuous Princes rule with just command;
Where, fixed the base, that regal right sustains,
A King the Shepherd of his People reigns;
Who feels their woes, to grief congenial prone,
And marks their common welfare as his own;
Alike to all his watchful care extends,
Improves with blessings, or from harm defends;
Who scorns the aims, that meaner bosoms move,
And knows no object but his Country's love.
No Factions here their forceful efforts try
To break th' oppressive yoke of tyranny;
No secret plots their silent arts employ
The sacred rights of Empire to destroy;
But all obedient to his equal sway,
The willing tribute of submission pay.
And as around the peaceful evening fire
The infant offspring ply th' indulgent Sire,
Still court his favors with endearing wile,
Look up, and catch new pleasure from his smile:

So, studious still his Prince's smile to share,
Each duteous subject toil with willing care.
Such is the bliss, which virtuous Kings maintain;
So BRITAIN joyed beneath a GEORGE's reign.
What tumults then possessed her anxious thought,
By sad reverse to deeper misery brought,
When, whom her voice with triumph hailed of late,
Sinking she saw beneath the stroke of Fate;
When drooping, hopeless of each future aid,
She viewed the scenes of promised Glory fade!
Fled was the joy, that graced the crowded halls,
And boding silence filled her gloomy walls.
And sure, if ever tear was taught to flow
In mournful fellowship of others' woe,
If ever human breast with wish sincere
For others poured the charitable prayer;
Then, stretched in sad solemnity of grief,
Fond sympathy besought the wished relief.

And thou, whom fairest deeds and virtues rare
Bless with a grateful Nation's general care,
Whose life to power a genuine charm imparts,
And joins to fix its empire on our hearts,
Whom partial Fates protect with fond regard,
And Heaven indulgent to our vows has spared:

O may thy BRITAIN still new blessings prove,
Beneath thy fostering hand and parent love!
Still boast thou with the Prince's awful right
The sacred laws of Freedom to unite!
Let Tyrants rule with stern compulsive sway,
And bid their vassals abject homage pay;
Be thine the hopes, that noblest bosoms bless,
That sweetest gift, that comes with willingness!
Teach us, like thee, with firm control to tame
Each wayward thought, and wake Religion's flame;
How best Retirement's season to employ,
And ope the source of fond domestic joy;
Amidst each public circle still to please
With manners gentle, and with winning ease;
Meek Merit's modest efforts to commend,
To raise the humble, and the good befriend;
To soothe Affliction's bitter wound, to dry
The Widow's tear, and still the Orphan's sigh.
So shall BRITANNIA hail her BRUNSWICK's reign,
Expand her hopes, her wonted grace regain,
Bid each corroding care and sorrow cease,
And crown her former toils with years of Peace!

B. L.

AN IRONICAL ABUSE OF POETRY.

IN THE CHARACTER OF PLUM, A RICH OLD CITIZEN.

'TWAS when Time was a green-horn, and docile and young,
That the booby was bribed into sense with a Song;
But since modern life's a great counting-house grown,
Men, at length *unbemused*, can take care of their own,
And released from your fanciful preachers in verse,
Duly scorn every jingle but that of the purse.
Besides, where's the merit? ev'n I could find rhyme,
And if I may guess from the bards of the time,
The metre is not such a difficult thing,
For the bard, who can say, may be soon brought to sing.
Such a spiritless thought the whole subject supplies,
That, untied from the verse, away Pegasus flies.

Yet I've heard that of old, were the verse rent away,
Still the nag of Apollo would oftentimes stay.
Thus by metre and rhyme rather injured than aided,
A poem is nothing but prose masqueraded.
'Tis the jig of a fool, when a wise man would walk,
'Tis a puppy that chatters, when prudent men talk.
'Tis an art soon acquired, and esteemed a fine trick,
Making oft the nice nymph sensibility-sick.
But if one or two bards in these times have the force
To whirl us along in their fanciful course,
And, escaped from their bedlam, a SEWARD and BARBAULD,
A COWPER, or HAYLEY, and MASON, have far hauled
From his reason the dolt in their vortices caught,
And shattered his brains in their frisk of fine thought;
Worse and worse! for I vow, 'tis a madman that flies
Mother Earth for the domes, that are built in the skies.

But the wise have the Critic's strait waistcoat appointed,
To re-settle the soul, which the Muse has disjointed.
And you Peers of Great Britain, your wisdom I praise,
That no longer you wear in your bosoms the bays,
But despise a poor gift, that is not worth a straw,
And the simple old times when the Poets gave law,
When an ADDISON wound his smooth way into place,
And a Chancellor * smacked of poetical grace.

Yet it seems that some ask, can the matter be worse
For the diction, and cadence, and graces of verse?
But at this rate ev'n Rhetoric itself is defended,
As a cooking of words, by which Wisdom is mended.
And a MASON's mild hash, and a GRAY's lump of spice
To the taste is as wholesome as COCKER and PRICE.
Pshaw! the roast beef of truth is the viand for me,
And my palate recoils from the Bard's fricassee.

* Lord SOMERS.

Oh, the fools! those old Spartans, when down in the dumps,
Whom the clang of Tyrtæus refixed on their stumps;
Which had ne'er been, had not the strange statutes of SPARTA
Placed in Poverty's self her supreme Magna Charta,
Whence the belly of Reason, deprived of its fare,
Grew bloated and big with the stuffage of air.—

What is this that I hear? oh! the Laureat is dead!
Bays without and within his nonsensical head:
And with him it were well to let Poetry die,
Nor our stomachs still fire with a pepper-strong PYE!
Yet I'm sure my thin skull you'd be tempted to break,
If you heard what a fool of me WARTON could make.
Now before you I'll stand, and produce my report
To a jury, whose worth would adorn any court;
Well assured that your Wisdom and Justice will find
WARTON's guilt, and that guilt an assault on my mind.
Let me think when it was—oh! I now well remember,
On a rainy day once, in the month of November,

I perforce, for the want of a rational book,
Deigned to glance on the Laureat's vagaries a look:
As I happened to fall on the page, where his verse,
With a criminal charm, is contrived to rehearse
Ev'n a *Suicide's* worth, I am tempted to think
That I grew so beguiled as to stand on the brink
To mar number one, for I caught up the knife—
But the last stanza read was the thing saved my life.
Well, I then read his poem descriptive of *Spring*,
Which so bright to my eye seemed its beauties to bring,
That my cockneyship soon grew a pastoral zany,
And Wisdom outflew from my cracked pericrany.
What a mercy it was, when she skipped from my brain,
Such a trick she played Jove, that she skipped in again!
Well, I still must read on, and he led me to view,—
For his language was picture, and that picture true,—
Let me think—'twas a *Monastery* ruined by Time;
And he mingled such thoughts of devotion sublime,
And my heart so bewitched with his musical airs,
That instead of the 'Change, I betook me to prayers.

Why, surely the man's a Magician, I cried,
For a Friar I'm grown, once a cit in Cheapside;
Tho' a minute ago I was dandling my crook,
Sniffed the breeze of the down, or lay stretched by the brook.

You will laugh, when informed that this magical wit
To a Hero one minute converted the Cit.
But the ditty perused, where, in tune of old days,
The Poet the great CŒUR DE LION displays,
Cross the Alps, in a trice, from Old England I flew,
And the Holy-Land, meteor-like, rose into view.
Tho' I saw it, I feared not fierce SALADIN's air,
For my heart was all English, and RICHARD reigned there.
Then the Monk's shabby cowl flying fast from my head,
Lo! the plume-shaking casque glittered there in its stead;
Then I stamped, and the Panim half killed with my look,
And away went the spear, that was lately the crook;
Then a chair haply lying athwart in my way,
Down I fell, gained my wits, nor again am a prey

To the madmen, whose chanting on times now no more
Fills with spectres the mine, where we dig for the ore;
Or by raising the sprites of the worth, which is fled,
Makes us hate living folks from the view of the dead.
'Tis now common sense, *common rights*, common strife,
And a new hurly-burly the business of life;
Money, Money's the mark, at which every one flies,
And the art to grow rich the sole art of the wise!

1790. B. T.

PROLOGUE TO HAMLET,

PERFORMED 1790, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN READING.

TIME was, when Britons, in ELIZA's days,
Their hearts surrendered to the Poet's lays;
And, to their highest powers by rapture wound,
Felt all the wonders of the mazy sound;
The sense developed, every image saw,
Nor dealt out passion by the Critic's law.
They yielded SHAKESPEARE their unbroken sight,
Their lamp illumined from his Solar light;
And from their generous admiration drew
The truths, that 'scape the purblind Critic's view.
When on the stage the mighty Master brought
HAMLET, they summoned all their stores of thought,
To watch the manners, which his words disclose,
His special nature, and peculiar woes.
POLONIUS rashly slain bespoke his heart
Eager to act the son's avenging part.
OPHELIA's father slain his purpose stayed,
And bowed to earth the poor distracted maid.

Thus HAMLET, ruled by Heaven's resistless force,
Is checked awhile from his predestined course,
'Till human acts unite with Heavenly power,
And holy Justice speeds her awful hour;
The scene then clears, shines out eternal right,
Adultery, murder, sink in gloomy night;
While SHAKESPEARE bids eternal laurels rise,
To grace the tomb, where filial virtue lies.

Such are the scenes, on which our hopes we raise
To draw from SHAKESPEARE'S worth reflected praise.
Then let these scenes your approbation share!
O! for the Poet's sake the Actors spare!
We sue for candor, dare not court applause;
But to your feelings we commend our cause,
The cause of CHARITY, secure to find
A Friend and Patron in each generous mind.

O you, to whom in early youth was given
To share the bounty of indulgent Heaven!
You, who, like us, in early youth could share
The soft endearments of parental care!
You, who, like us, fair Learning's path have trod;
You, who were early taught to know your GOD!

O think on those, whose cruel fate denies
The fostering care, that liberal wealth supplies;
Whose mind, untutored in the ways of Truth,
With Vice polluted, blasts their tender youth!
Nor damp our efforts, while we thus engage
Your pitying hearts to save their helpless age!
Then hear with candor, nor severely blame;
But let our motive your indulgence claim!

PROLOGUE TO THE AULULARIA OF PLAUTUS.

PERFORMED AT THE TRIENNIAL VISITATION IN OCTOBER 1791.

You Friends and Patrons, whose enlivening sight
Inspires the anxious bosom with delight!
I come, your wonted favor to implore
To subjects new, and themes untried before.
No tale of modern life, by nicer laws,
Now claims the tribute of your kind applause;
No Actors here with rival wit engage,
To lash the living follies of the age;
Our scene, more learned grown, this night displays
The manners, dress, and speech of ancient days;
Of times remote the fading sight renews,
And wakes to life the long-neglected Muse;
As erst in warlike ages less refined
She charmed with ruder wit th' unpolished mind.
What time, long wasted by invading foes,
In prouder triumph Rome majestic rose;
From Punic Legions freed her captive plain,
And viewed her walls in safety once again.

Then, 'mid the public joy, the Poet strove
With tales of mirth each kindred breast to move,
Employed each effort of his newer art,
And won, with readiest force, th' obedient heart.
From fruitful GREECE the borrowed theme he chose,
And showed the manners living as they rose;
And with the treasures of her plundered store
Enriched his Latian Drama's infant lore.
Well pleased the Roman saw, with wondering eyes,
In splendid view the scenes of ATHENS rise:
There oft assembled at the crowded stage,
The hardy Veteran soothed his weary age,
Who once, with dauntless breast, in firm array,
Stood the dread shock of CANNÆ's fatal day,
On AFRIC's plains who nobly scorned to yield,
And won the spoils of ZAMA's glorious field.

Such was the mirthful bard, whose comic lay
Oft won applause in LATIUM's elder day,
Ere yet the Muse, by sage experience taught,
Her mimic art to full perfection brought;
His is the toil, that, now restored to light,
Here courts your favor on this festal night.

With purer verse tho' courtly TERENCE shine,
And rival chaste MENANDER's classic line,
With force superior PLAUTUS wins the heart,
And wakes our laughter with resistless art.
When EUCLIO's watchful terrors you behold,
Alarmed who trembles for his buried gold,
Sees in each face he meets a thief, and fears
Detection's whisper in each word he hears;
When now in frantic mood, with angry eyes,
All wild he rages for his ravished prize;
When the fond youth before the Father bends,
And as he sues for pardon, more offends;
Mistakes the charge, by inward fears betrayed,
The plundered treasure for the stolen maid;
And while one crime infests his aching view,
That guilt confesses, which he never knew;
Admire his skill, the wonderous scene who writ,
His passion, humor, genius, strength, and wit;
With candid voice decide in Merit's cause,
And crown the favored piece with just applause.

And you, ye Fair, whose smiles before have charmed
Our youthful bosoms, and whose praise has warmed,

When HAMLET here, at duty's awful call,
Gave up his joys, his love, his life, and all,
And with his Father's wrongs alone possest,
Nursed the dire vengeance in his laboring breast,
Exposed a Mother's crime in odious view,
And died, the base usurper to subdue:
When poor OPHELIA bade her sorrows flow,
Sunk with the burden of oppressive woe,
And piteous wept, in wild disordered strain,
A frantic lover, and a parent slain:—
With kind indulgence hear our ancient play,
Whose verse salutes you with unwonted lay.
Tho' strange the inharmonious speech appear,
Formed to delight alone the classic ear;
Tho' vain th' untasted dialogue be found,
And cheat the baffled sense with useless sound;
Haply the action of our busy scene,
The Actor's gestures, habit, voice, and mien,
May please the heart to candor still inclined,
And win a plaudit from the partial mind.

Meantime, with anxious hope and fearful breast,
To nicer judgments we submit the rest.
Happy, if now our Poet's Doric strain
With grateful charm the Scholar can detain,

Can Learning's studious thought with mirth beguile,
And force from Science one approving smile:
Happy, if they *, whom prompt affection calls
Awhile to linger from the Muse's walls,
With patient ear the Drama shall attend,
And deign our well-meant efforts to commend,
With favoring look the Actor's toil regard,
And with fresh wreaths adorn the ancient Bard!

* The VICE-CHANCELLOR of the University of OXFORD, the PRESIDENT of St. JOHN'S and the WARDEN of ALL-SOULS COLLEGES, the Triennial Visitors of the School.

L.

EPILOGUE TO THE AULULARIA OF PLAUTUS.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF THE RICH OLD CITIZEN, PLUM.

And so, you Attic polished people here
Are come to triumph o'er the Miser's tear,
And laugh as loud his miseries to behold,
As if you scorned the tickling touch of gold.
The Bard is still the Miser's vaunting foe;
But when I raised my cane, I laid him low.
For lately here, to curb a Muse-mad School,
I Plum appeared *, to prove the Bard a fool,
A fox to libel such a grape as sour,
And curse a vintage never in his power.
I brushed the laurels from Apollo's shrine,
Made Pindus bow, and whipped the silly Nine,
Spite of the flutterings of the little Loves,
Spite of the cooings of the Cyprian doves.

* See page 94.

These pigeon-poets, Harpies call us seers,
Who love our palms to tickle, not our ears,
And better cherish bags, that stay at home,
Than vapor-gendered sounds, that go and come.

Hark! at my whistle, instant on my hand,
In lieu of dove, behold a Harpy stand;
I whisper in its ear—away it flies—
And plumps where'er its pointed quarry lies:
What! on the House of Lords, St. Stephen's fane?
Why, sirs, a female holds resistance vain.
My harpy 'twas, not Cytherea's dove,
Made pouting DANAE lisp assent to JOVE.
Its speed is lightning, and its eye a sight
That thro' yon wall could pierce with magic might.

What tho' the farcing PLAUTUS has a way
To make us, at th' expense of Lucre, gay;
And EUCLIO's truly pictured misery proved
We sons of PLUTUS can be sometimes moved;
Yet well the purseless scribbler kept from view
How little we are moved, like you, or you.—

A PITT or FOX but rant in our conceit,
Nor boast the Nine in chorus song so sweet,
As his *cockneyan* voice, whose summed account
Proves *this* year's gain above the *last's* amount.
This is *our* music, and we ask no lyre,
Save to receive in pawn its golden wire.
Gold is our God, and nought beside we prize,
But, mounting *Lombard-street*, far higher rise
In thought, design, and power, than if we deigned
Vault on the winged Pegasus unreined;
And, armed with school-boy's length of spur, were hurled,
Mad on the madded steed, o'er all the world!
You kick at poverty, though armed with wit,
But deign, high born, to wed with wealthy cit.
Nobility's and Priesthood's tyrant sway
Perish, eclipsed by money's brighter ray;
A genial warmth, that renders dotage strong,
And tips with eloquence the stutterer's tongue,
Can all the worth of WILBERFORCE control,
And clinch the chain, that eats a *Negro's soul*.
Then, antiquated PLAUTUS, couldst thou see
All Europe bend at PLUTUS' shrine the knee,

Thou'dst think that we had found the speediest
way
O'er earth, o'er Virtue's self, to spread our
sway;
And that thy AULULARIA, penned with wit,
Yields to the wisdom of the *modern cit!*

T.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO FRENCH SHEPHERDS.

IN IMITATION OF THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Basil. Yes, I must go, and, going, bid adieu
To all my heart holds dear, to France, and you!
Friend of my happier days, that come no more,
Can I those days review, and not deplore,
While my last looks regard my native place,
My destined exile 'midst a foreign race?
Here, all at ease, my friend shall oft be laid,
Tuning his reed beneath this beechen shade,
Which long has sheltered his paternal cot,
While banished Basil mourns a different lot!
Here oft my friend shall zealous snatch his reed,
While Phillis trips in view along the mead,
And raising to the downs her raptured eyes,
Responsive sings, when she her swain descries.

Colin. A God, a God, my Basil, has on me
These blessings showered: for such is Liberty;

To whom my hands shall rear the votive shrine;
For he has made these downs for ever mine,
And bids me gaily, with a Master's ease,
Play on my pipe whatever airs I please!

B. The sorrowing BASIL envies not your joy,
Who deem the poisons sweet, that most destroy:
Your joy I envy not; for sure I see
One fatal cloud o'ershadowing you and me,
Certain that he who stays, and he who goes,
Walks on a ridge, to fall each way on woes.
Mark my tired flock! o'er many a hill and dale
Scarce have I dragged them to this freshening vale;
But now twa lambs, that ewe down-drooping bore,
Died when their dam could yield them milk no more.
Prime of my flock, on these rough rocks they lie,
Where mid-day Phœbus darts his burning eye.
But oft these coming ills dire omens spoke,
The screaming raven, and the blasted oak.
And when I saw old manners fast decay,
Saw untaught hinds the ruler's work essay,
And change the sheep-walk for the common weal,
I feared the gathering tempest, which I feel.
But say, dear COLIN, why you scorned my fear,
And, wrapt in perils, thought no perils near?

C. And here are none, since PARIS to my mind
Has shown at length the Rights of all mankind,
And taught my spirit, 'till this light arose,
We hunglers slumbered in a fool's repose.
PARIS I erst conceived, unlettered clown,
But little nobler than our country-town;
But that Imperial City this exceeds,
As yon broad-branching oak the forest weeds.

B. What led you first the city to behold?

C. The love of Liberty, and not of gold,
For when I caught the rumors spreading round
That treasured wisdom, hid for ages, found
In that great City, where our Kings reside,
Would teach the poor to humble tyrant pride;
Scorning awhile the pastoral scrip and crook,
Taught by new maxims, I no more could brook
To crouch a slave beneath a Tyrant's sway,
Or fear the sprites now fled from Wisdom's day.

B. Ah! love-lorn PHILLIS, now the cause I see
Why thy best pears hung lingering on the tree.
COLIN was absent. Thee the beauteous maid
Would carrol oft beneath this beechen shade,

And down the dale, and up the thymy steep.
Would sing of COLIN while she watched his sheep:
Winds and wild woods received her plaintive song,
For COLIN's absence was, alas! too long.

C. What! when I staid to gather new-born truth,
And, 'scaped the bigot fables of my youth,
Returned a man, who was a slave before,
Nor blest till now with Wisdom's richest store.

B. To man when hoar Experience Wisdom brings,
She asks the pause of Time to fledge its wings.
Mushrooms soon rise, and show their dunghill birth;
Not so the Monarch trees of nobler worth.
Better all darkness than a meteor's light,
Misleading those, who would not dare the night,
But safe at home, expect the God of Day,
To look from Heaven, and point the perfect way.

C. Saws and old sayings! prithee, BASIL, spare,
The moody babblings of sententious care;
And let us chant with gratulating lays
The bursting forth of Freedom's sun-bright rays.
For now, dear Liberty, who hears our prayer,
Bids us be free as our first Fathers were,

When, rushing from their pathless waste of wood,
They rolled o'er beauteous GAUL their conquering flood.

B. Yes, my loved FRANCE, thy beauty not to see
Would argue blind ingratitude in me.
But tho' decaying strength and hoary hairs
Admonish me of Life's increasing cares,
Yet far away from wonted scenes I fly
To BRITAIN's freer realm, tho' fiercer sky.

C. Unfortunate old man! why thus depart
From home, from fields, and friends, that claim thy heart?
Here with thy COLIN, under well-known trees,
Thou still mayst share the song, and balmy breeze,
Still tend thy flock in healthy pasture gay,
And still thy native lawns and streams survey.
Far hence, in vain thy eyes will oft desire
Thy dear old village, and its sacred spire,
Which, towering 'mid the limes, declares the place,
That holds the reverenced relics of thy race.

B. Yet can that ravaged hill the joy bestow,
It yielded once, when graced with many a row

Of shadowy elm, where oft with listening ears
We heard the clipping of the woodman's shears,
Or, better pleased, from many a laurel grove
Caught at still eve the cooing of the dove.
Say, where is now the dome, whose towery gate
Expanded wide with hospitable state?
Ruined its glories, levelled with the ground!
No longer there the courteous feasts resound;
Nor there, with well-spread board, and beckoning hands,
Hereditary Bounty gracious stands.
These bonds dissolved, the noble race no more,
I seek, indignant, BRITAIN's sea-beat shore.

C. And there that freedom seek, you scorn at home!

B. It is not here, or I should idly roam,
And shame these hoary hairs. Can Freedom bide
Where Rapine rolls his desolating tide;
Where ravenous Indigence, and Atheism dire,
Damp dear Religion's zeal, and Honor's fire;
Where low-born Envy noble birth assails,
And Wit unprincipled o'er Truth prevails;
Where a great Nation acts the spoiler-knave,
The largess snatching, which it never gave;

And, while it holds the Rights of Men in view,
Does what it has no right, but strength, to do?
Grant Freedom good, 'tis pilfered here, not won;
Nor shines a deed by manly courage done.
Grant that the fane of Freedom here might tower,
Your fabric's but the vision of the hour;
Its base, Injustice; heavenly Vengeance soon
Shall close in night its visionary noon!
I go ——.

C. —— And wheresoe'er my BASIL goes,
Be Friendship still at hand to soothe his woes.

B. Farewell, a long farewell to FRANCE and thee!
And think how many noble minds with me,
At duty's call, forsake the scenes they loved,
And seek a climate, from their world removed *.

* In the year 1791, the Editor came from Jersey with several Emigrants. At the sight of the English coast, they exclaimed: "Little did we think, when at college we were reading in Virgil,

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros—
Et penitus toto divisos orbe BRITANNOS,

that we should once be forced to seek an asylum there!" He had great satisfaction, in introducing them to the generous hospitalities of this country, to prove to them that they were not to consider, as formerly, BRITANNOS *hospitibus feros*.

Yet FRANCE still reigns in theirs and BASIL's breast,
And be his bodings false, so she is blest.

C. At least this night with me, dear BASIL, 'bide;
For see! the Sun has left the mountain's side:
The shadows lengthen; and yon hoary fane,
Which lately held Religion's cloistered train,
Receives the labored oxen from the fields,
And to their wants the treasured fodder yields.

B. Where once the fainting Pilgrim found repose,
And life grew pure by penitential woes;
Where sacred studies chose their calm retreat,
And spreading Science might have found her seat;
There rustic hinds usurp the hallowed dome,
And barbarous Licence calls the cattle home.
Hence, Liberty, to BRITAIN's realm I go,
Where thou wast trained by Wisdom sure and slow;
Where Justice still thy sacred precincts guards,
And pure Religion deals her best rewards;
Where if, 'mid many faithful, still are found
The faithless few, thy vitals fierce to wound,
Still British sense and dignity defy
The yelling harpies of Impiety,
Sedition's raven roar, and Rapine's cormorant cry.

1791. B. T.

ODE TO GREAT BRITAIN *.

"Set in the silver sea," a diamond bright,
Dear native Albion, would I sing thy praise,
I need but ask of Truth her purest light,
To lend the lyric Muse her proudest blaze.
Borrowing from fable, what we boast our own,
Let foreign Fancy trim the florid tale;
Whilst, worshipping thy sea-sequestered throne,
We, what we truly paint, with rapture hail.
Thus Gratitude to loftiest transport fires,
And Tuscan Fancy yields to what the truth inspires.

In proud array thy guardian forests rise,
The vigorous products of their genial home,
And, whilst thy mountains touch the sun-bright skies,
Half o'er their heights, majestic mantles, roam.
Nor wants sweet Poesy her sweetest range,
By glen and dale, by bower and murmuring brook;

* Occasioned by the recent and judicious re-publication of Dr. Price's Sermon *in praise of his country.*

Toil has his field, and Yeomanry his grange,
Whilst on the down the shepherd casts his crook,
O'er many a low-land Eden glad to gaze,
And on his Doric reed to listening PHILLIS plays.

Thy varying Ether's rolling mirror, shine
Rivers, that silver-streak the verdant plains,
Nor seldom pass beside some fane divine,
Where hoar Antiquity sublimely reigns,
To tell the glories of thy elder days;
Or to the muses courteous still, afford
To those, that emulate ingenuous praise,
The cloistered walk, and hospitable board;
And oft thy floods beneath those burdens bend,
Which seas triumphant waft as far as seas extend.

No Norman Bulwarks, Cambrian castles now,
Frown in their strength, nor thence th' embattled throng,
Children of blood, as fierce a torrent flow,
As that which thunders SNOWDEN's side along;
But there the kids disport, or pensive seers
Stray pleased, tho' pensive, and with profit stray,
Conscious that, after the long lapse of years,
Illumined more and more by Wisdom's ray,

Here Liberty at last her throne has placed,
And views her floating guards lords of the watery waste.

Far as her eye from this her gorgeous tower
Darts o'er the world, she sighs to see mankind,
So many groan beneath the despot's power,
So widely spectral horrors rack the mind.
She knows its power, she best its power expands,
Its warmth increases, and unclouds its sight.
Here then she sees Religion's fostering hands
Drop Hope's best balm, distribute Faith's best light,
Whilst human Law weds sacred Charity,
And tells the wond'ring earth that mind is here most free.—

Thus a far-famous sage, thrice ten years passed,
With all a lover's zeal his country praised;
But, ah, the fall! the sage, grown blind at last,
Fell, as he shook the column he had raised.
So SAMPSON fell, but not alone. We stand
Strong with augmented liberty and fame,
And more than ever the proud world command,
Fresh blooming still from Envy's traiterous aim,
Nor would we pillage Peerage, Church, and Throne,
To favor low-born pride, and make the world our own.

Firm English honesty, sound English sense,
Touch rights existing, holy ground, with care,
Scorn Envy's fraud, pert Vanity's pretence,
Nor dash to dust what Wisdom should repair.
Hence History, proud on BRITAIN's acts to wait,
Has told the world she can her rights maintain,
From tyrant power with temper save her state,
With ease majestic cast her papal chain,
Too wise for hurry, too humane for rage,
Dauntless as Youth's blind zeal, and cool as well-taught Age.

B. T.

PROLOGUE TO KING LEAR;

ACTED AT READING SCHOOL, 1792.

To rouse with noblest rage th' indignant mind,
And mark th' oppressive wrongs of human kind;
To win to awful truths th' attentive ear,
And wake in virtue's cause soft pity's tear;
To paint with native force, and colours warm,
Of base ingratitude the hateful form,
And by the contrast, seen with brighter ray,
Fair beauty's loveliest image to display;
For this the bard th' instructive story chose,
And showed an aged monarch's cruel woes:
Clear was the moral, but his hand too true,
Too darkly sad, the mournful picture drew.
With blasted hope the sunk spectator viewed
The great and just by vicious arts subdued;
The pure, and guilty, Virtue's friend and foe,
Fell undistinguished by one common blow;
Chilled was each heart, with horror all possessed,
And grief too keen usurped the clouded breast;

The drooping soul retired with silent dread,
Relaxed its efforts, and its vigor fled;
Struck with the gloomy sight, desponding stood,
And lost its best incentive to be good.

This fault to shun, our altered scene behold,
A fairer plan and happier views unfold;
Here, many a bitter grief and danger past,
See suffering virtue crowned with peace at last!
Here the fond sire, with grateful transports wild,
Strains in his fond embrace his duteous child,
That child, who still 'gainst wrongs unworthy strove,
And kept unchanged her firm unshaken love;
Wept o'er his sorrows, and in hour of need
Indignant rose to scourge the guilty deed;
In awful arms avenging trod the land,
To snatch a parent from th' oppressor's hand.
No lighter subjects blend their interests here,
No scenes of love * to tire the sickening ear;
But one great theme of passion reigns confest,
And filial duty claims alone the breast.

Sweet is the triumph when the good and great
Rise proudly rescued from the storms of fate;

* Alluding to the omission of Tate's intrigues.

And blest at length by favoring fortune, find
The just reward to virtuous acts assigned:
Hence too encouraged, while the scene she views,
The mind more bold her destined path pursues,
Pants for the meed, that crowns fair virtue's aim,
Admires her deeds, and burns to act the same.

You, who, reluctant from your bosoms torn,
A much-loved offspring to these walls have borne,
And, studious to improve the youthful mind,
To learning's fostering hand the charge consigned;
Who well have known a parent's anxious fears,
And watched with trembling o'er their infant years;
Have wept in secret, and with silent prayer
Begged heaven to guard them with protecting care;
Taught by this lesson, may your children prove
The bright examples hence of filial love!
May each fond task their duteous thought engage,
The staff and comfort of your future age!
O may they grateful all your cares regard,
Repay each kindness, and each toil reward;
With mild affection soothe each rising grief,
Watch every want, and lend the quick relief;
With sweetest converse charm the lingering hour,
Make sickness smile, and cheat time's languid power,

Shed gleams of joy o'er life's declining day,
And gild the tranquil eve with purest ray;
Crowned with just wealth, adorned with well-earned
fame,
May they more high exalt your honored name,
'Midst many virtuous, shine the first and best;
And, blessing you, still be themselves more blest!
So not in vain th' instructive scene shall rise,
Nor strike with empty show th' admiring eyes;
Nor, like the tale of fiction, idly sung,
The moral verse drop useless from the tongue:
So shall our actors, in a worthy cause,
With hope auspicious, court the wished applause;
And you, if pleased th' approving sign to show,
Not undeserved, your candid praise bestow.

L.

EPILOGUE TO KING LEAR.

What could Cordelia do,—her sisters known,
Whose oily falsehood stole a father's throne?
Or what could Virtue say, when Cunning wrought
The net of rhetoric, which a father caught?
A daughter, and a Princess, she disdains
To bind the Truth in Adulation's chains;
But, mingling love with honor, to her sire
Says all that truth should speak, and love require.
Flattery's fair garb could ill the heart conceal,
A specious lustre from the murderous steel!
The blameless damsel towered above her fear,
Flashed forth disdain, but struck a marbled ear.
Meek when her Sire offended, she disdains
Against his foes to check Resentment's reins.
But, ah! in vain; for when the human mind
By selfishness, that chilling asp, is twined,
Nature's dear charities are felt no more,
And floods of tears but dash a stony shore.
Thus are we taught by Lear's well-painted woes;
Since Shakespeare paints but what experience shows:

For when he points the moral by his theme,
Thinking he dreams, we should ourselves but dream.

Thanks to the mighty Master's touching page,
His lovely morals, and his generous rage,
Honor's bright spirit darting all its fire,
And clouds of Vice, that black from Hell aspire,
From whose detested horrors, we repose
In KENT's firm faith, in gentle EDGAR's woes,
In LEAR taught pity by th' unpitying wind,
And yearning for his child, too late, alas! thought kind.

From *Man*, the keen-eyed SHAKESPEARE knew to glean
All passion's conflict for his tragic scene;
But Heaven alone the fancy could bestow,
By which he deepened the dark dies of woe;
Through mimicked Folly heightened tears by smiles,
And bade the Truth glare out from Phrensy's wiles!
Nor hurled abroad his thunder-storm in vain,
The sheeted lightning, and the pelting rain,
To teach us, spite of four-score years and more,
And the bright crown the worshipped king once wore,
That LEAR from all these horrors found relief,
Beneath the rackings of a fiercer grief.

You generous BRITONS! our unpractised age,
When it sought morals from life's glass—the stage,
Was taught from HAMLET's * filial worth, to draw,
From sweet CORDELIA's, youth's superior law;
That sense of filial duty, which, combined
With all the requisites of cultured mind,
Gives to green years a modesty, to guide
Our vessel safe on youth's tempestuous tide;
Whilst on the prow the Reverend MENTOR stands,
And cheers his pupil with applauding hands.

T.

* Alluding to the representation of Hamlet in a preceding year.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RUDENS OF PLAUTUS,

PERFORMED AT THE TRIENNIAL VISITATION, 1794, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ORPHANS OF THE SEAMEN AND MARINES, WHO FELL IN THE ACTION OF THE FIRST OF JUNE, UNDER LORD HOWE.

WHAT secret gloom, by Sorrow's form imprest,
Hangs o'er my bosom, and disturbs its rest?
Why my sad soul does causeless grief annoy,
When each bright object prompts to liveliest joy?
When lamps unnumbered pour their streaming light,
When Music's notes proclaim the festal night,
When candid friends with favoring looks conspire,
And Beauty, smiling, kindles heavenly fire?
Ah, Memory! yet thy busy dreams impart
Unwonted sadness to my aching heart,
Still Fancy wooes the mournful visions dear,
And Mirth but wakes more keen the tender tear!
This time, so oft with joyous pageants crowned,
When last returning in its annual round,

No wonted triumphs, no glad pomps displayed,
No festive rites beneath fair Learning's shade.
No offerings then the Muse forlorn could claim,
When pining Sickness preyed on every frame,
When Youth, all joyous, hung the drooping head,
Its vigor wasted, and its color fled;
Can I forget, when reft of every grace,
Languid and pale was seen each altered face;
When the fond parent, with distraction wild,
Hung a sad mourner o'er the dying child,
And viewed, alas! by Fate's relentless blow,
Each towering hope of future joys laid low?
Can I forget that hour, when, dire to tell!
Two Youths * in life's fresh morn untimely fell,
Once loved companions of my chearful play,
When sports unceasing crowned the vacant day?
Can I so soon the fond regard forego,
Nor more indulge the sacred sense of woe?
Ah, no! howe'er to happier views inclined,
Back on the past still turns my wayward mind,

* A considerable number of the pupils were attacked, in 1793, by a nervous fever, which was epidemical in many parts of the kingdom. By the skill and attention of Dr. TAYLOR, whose general benevolence and private friendship the Editor embraces with pleasure this opportunity of acknowledging, two only died, and those in peculiar circumstances.

Still the sad themes my erring thoughts employ,
And grief remembered steals a part from joy.

But now, to please your partial sight, behold
Our Stage once more its mimic scene unfold!
Once more, with bold essay, the Latian Muse,
To court your smiles, her humorous strains renews!
And as before our labor's little gain
Was poured where Faith has fixed its task sincere,
In Virtue's rules an infant race to rear,
To point the steps, which Saints of old have trod,
And teach the poor the blissful path to God;
So now, this night, with wishes still the same,
The Muse's efforts boast a kindred aim,
To aid that plan, devised with pious care,
By BRITAIN's worthies, and by BRITAIN's fair,
Of those brave souls, who late with glory fired,
Led by great HOWE, in conquering fight expired,
The Orphan babes with liberal hand to feed,
And shield their helpless youth from hardest need;
For this once more our actors rise to view,
And ask the generous gift from friends like you.
And O! may BRITAIN's sons, with ready zeal,
Join in each act, that guards her public weal!

Ne'er may their bosoms freeze with chill delay,
When Mercy craves, or Valor points the way!
When tyrant foes their desperate force employ,
Each bond of social order to destroy,
With impious fury GOD's own rites confound,
And bow his bleeding Martyrs to the ground;
O'er plundered regions stretch their fell decree,
And murder Freedom, while they boast to free!
Should e'er that foe, with phrenzied efforts vain,
Transport his armed barks across the main,
And, mad with triumph, drunk with human gore,
Dare to insult our brave unconquered shore,
May BRITAIN, fearless of the gathered storm,
Serenely great in Virtue's awful form,
Range round her glittering coasts the valiant band,
And drive the base invader from her strand!

And you, who here through Youth's imperfect day,
By Science' hand are trained in Duty's way;
From whom matured your country claims to share
Each fond endeavour, and each watchful care;
Be yours, with stedfast and with generous aim,
Warm in your breasts to nurse the patriot flame;
By fairest deeds to win a just applause,
And shine the Champions of her sacred cause!

Ah! think on him, with genuine worth adorned,
Who late by every kindred bosom mourned,
Loved by the virtuous, honored by the brave,
Sunk in Life's vigor to th' untimely grave!—
Think on your POWNEY *, whose undaunted might
No toils could conquer, and no dangers fright;
Who, firmly brave, and hating base disguise,
Ne'er sought by Flattery's abject arts to rise,
But, scorning fear, by no mean views impelled,
The steady path of good right onward held,
For Justice strove, her awful dictates feared,
His Country cherished, and his King revered.
Still let his bright example, deep imprest,
To deeds of honor rouse each manly breast!
Be brave, yet loyal, void of guileful art,
And nobly studious of the Patriot's part;
Friends to just power, yet true to Liberty,
As POWNEY faithful, generous, bold, and free.

Mean time, gay votaries at THALIA's shrine,
Studious we strive with mimic art to shine.

* Mr. POWNEY, Member for Windsor, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Berkshire Militia, was educated at Reading, and was a Member of the School Meeting.

And, lo! from Oxford's consecrated bowers,
Where, throned on high amidst her antique towers,
RELIGION, fairest guide by Heaven designed,
Calls TRUTH and VIRTUE forth to bless mankind:
SCIENCE her chosen patrons hither sends,
And to their care the rising Youth commends.
From these, with breasts half trembling, half elate,
The candid sentence hopeful still we wait.
Happy, thrice happy, might our humble stage
With mirth a while their nicer sense engage;
Should they, too kind to blame, and prompt to
praise,
Of fond applause the willing tribute raise,
On each attempt with looks indulgent smile,
And crown with welcome meed the Actor's anxious
toil.

L.

EPILOGUE

TO THE RUDENS.

DESCRIPTIONS touched, like SHAKESPEARE'S, into life,
To paint the roaring sea's tempestuous strife,
And character preserved with comic glee,
Have well detained you to the *Plaudite.*
But now, adieu to PLAUTUS: homeward turn
Your British hearts, and of a Schoolboy learn,
That though, admonished by the Roman sage,
We brave the force of lawless pleasure's rage,
And by his RUDENS are allured to prove
The sacred sweets of honorable love;
Yet our young zeal still marks a brighter prize,
And at this quarry, like the Falcon, flies.
Our hearts inflamed (though but the widow's mite
May be the product of this classic night),
To aid the Orphans of the valiant Tar,
Oft in our thoughts we scanned the scenes of war,
Burnt in the battle with the conqueror, HOWE,
Saw Glory's self exulting on his prow,

Through our thrilled frames felt emulation steal,
And caught the godlike fire of classic zeal.
Man is but half prepared for life, whose heart
Knows not from self indignantly to start,
When Honor wooes the bliss, that patriot deeds impart.

Now childhood's hoop, and spinning top, awhile,
Such was our kindling manhood, raised our smile.
But at the wicket, the broad bat in hand,
Nerved as the young ALCIDES, firm we stand;
Our thoughts at sea, a cannon's force our blows,
Iron our balls, we storm our storming foes,
And down, in Fancy's view, the VENGEUR goes!
Ah! see the floating castle sink from day,
Its thickening host, all hands aloft, survey;
War's fiercest work, their doom in view, to tend,
And in a thunderous peal to Death descend!

Now, now, BRITANNIA is alive again,
Shines out herself, the Mistress of the Main;
And to her prowess FRANCE compelled to bow,
Long ages hence shall blush, remembering HOWE.—
But where's the Sailor, to his country true,
Who paid his country what from all is due,

When dear occasion calls?—He still is here,
To touch our passions in his Orphan's tear,
Who says, (or if he cannot speak, speaks more,
Poor infant!) let me not in want deplore
The death, that fed your country's fame, for I
No other father have for you to die!

T.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ROSES, OR HENRY VI.

PERFORMED, IN 1795, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHEAP REPOSITORY FOR MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE TRACTS.

You, who, with ear entranced, and silent tongue,
On tales of grief impassioned oft have hung,
With pity view what now our scenes disclose,
And drop the ready tear for England's woes!
See, roused by rival chiefs of kingly line,
In hostile combat kindred legions join:
Each adverse Baron, proud in martial might,
Calls forth his hardy vassals to the fight!
Forgot the ties, by Heaven's high will assigned,
Which man to man in holy compact bind,
'Gainst brother brother lifts the vengeful blade,
And youths in arms their hoary sires invade.
The good and just, amid th' unequal strife,
Ere Nature dooms, untimely robbed of life,
By murderers' weapons feel the fatal wound,
Or sink in deathful battle to the ground.

Blood marks the realm; on many a crimson plain
Are heaped around the myriads of the slain.
Shook from its base each antique castle falls,
And towering cities bow their conquered walls;
While rapine, rage, and hate, a wasteful band,
Reign uncontrouled, and desolate the land.

Such are the woes we paint; nor vainly deem
Of sage instruction void th' historic theme!
Here all may view, by sad experience wise,
Th' unnumber'd ills, from doubtful rule that rise;
And learn the happier fate that nations own,
Where, with just bounds, one Monarch fills the throne;
Where, friend of right, and guardian of the Law,
The land's dread Sovereign holds the realm in awe:
Quells, ere it rages, Faction's maddening flame,
Controls the proud, and checks Ambition's aim;
Protects the weak, alike o'er all presides,
Restrains with vigor, and with wisdom guides;
The State still fixes to its wonted place,
Each looser part concentring to its base;
With weight superior binds and settles all,
And keeps the mighty fabric from its fall.

Ah! little deemed, O France, thy fickle train,
When lured to quit fair Duty's milder reign,

Proud they gave up their once-loved Monarch's sway,
And saw him sink to traitors' arms a prey;
Saw on the murderous steel the life-blood start,
Which warm came issuing from his patriot heart;
Ah! little deemed they, in that hour of fate,
What woes then brooded o'er the sinking State.
Lo! bold usurpers o'er the prostrate throne
Lift high their arm, and make the nation groan;
Through all the realm disperse their savage brood,
And deluge cities with the people's blood;
Seize on the wealth of thousands doomed to die
By lawless rule, and basest tyranny,
Only to bind more fast th' oppressive chain,
To prop their power and fortify their reign.
While, as by force compelled, their slaughtering bands
Spread desolation wide o'er foreign lands;
At home suspicion guards each prisoned door,
And want and famine wring the needy poor.
Ev'n now, should Heaven relief in pity send,
And bid a wasted nation's sorrows end;
On virtuous aims with light auspicious shine,
And to his throne restore a Monarch's line:
Ere days of peace shall glad their longing eyes,
Ere Power once more on just foundations rise,

How many a gallant youth, in battle slain,
Shall dew with faithful blood his native plain!

Hence taught, may Britons, famed for valiant deeds,
Shun the dire ills, that bloody discord breeds;
And, firm united, pour th' avenging blow
With juster fury on the foreign foe!
And while they view, with pleased contentment's smile,
The tranquil scenes, that crown our favored isle,
Fair Order's sway with generous zeal maintain,
Own their blest lot, and hail a BRUNSWICK's reign!

L.

EPILOGUE

TO THE ROSES, OR HENRY VI.

O'ER the deep gloom by night barbaric spread,
When first her beams rekindling Science shed,
Partial and faint, with glimmering flame they shone
On cloistered Learning's favored sons alone;
Till (as th' aërial zone on mortal sight
Diffuses wide the Sun's refracted light)
The Printer's art o'er Error's devious maze
Poured far and wide Truth's intellectual blaze,
No longer then to silent cells confined,
Drooped the free efforts of th' enlightened mind;
But home to every docile breast was brought
All the Divine and all the Sage had taught.

Yet, such of things on earth th' imperfect state,
Attendant ills on every good await.
Still will the worm the fairest fruit devour,
Still lurks the canker in the sweetest flower.
That sacred source, from which alone should flow
Salubrious streams, that health and life bestow,
Sees its polluted waves, a poisonous tide,
Waft dire contagion, where their waters glide.

That Heaven-taught art, which o'er the world should
shower
Virtue's pure laws, and meek Religion's power,
Alas! perverted by a Demon's hand,
Spreads malice, crimes, and faction through the land.

To check by Wisdom Vice's headlong force,
To turn misjudging Error from its course,
To make foul Falshood's dim and lurid gleam
Fade at the dawn of Reason's glowing beam;
Such is our aim: O may your patriot zeal
Assist to realize the hopes we feel.
Though Folly's visions cheat awhile the sight
With fairy forms, or spectres of affright,
In its own form each phantom shall appear,
At the first touch of Truth's celestial spear.

And you, ingenuous Youths, who here have found
The germs of science on our classic ground;
Know, all the palms that Learning can bestow,
All the fresh wreaths, that bind the Poet's brow,
Are like the hues that paint the May-born flower,
The idle glory of a transient hour,
Unless by active Virtue's care consigned
To guard our country, and to bless mankind!

P.

PROLOGUE

TO THE AMPHITRYO OF PLAUTUS,

PERFORMED IN 1797, FOR THE ORPHANS OF THE SEAMEN AND MARINES, WHO WERE KILLED OR WOUNDED IN THE ACTION UNDER LORD DUNCAN, OCTOBER 11.

You, who so oft this favored spot have graced,
The kind, indulgent arbiters of taste,
Once more our scenic labors now attend,
Once more our well-intended mirth befriend.
What happier omens can our efforts greet?
Affection, beauty, learning, candor meet.

This night we tell a tale from days of yore,
Decked in each elegance of classic lore:
We tell from PLAUTUS how the mighty JOVE—
Such is the magic power of mightier LOVE,—
Left his celestial realms to visit Earth,
And to ALCMENA's valiant son gave birth,
To HERCULES, through Time's long records known,
"The injured world's avenger, and his own."

Nor least this toil; the Hydra fell he slew,
Who from each wound increasing vigor drew;
And as the Hero each dire head suppress,
Another head up-reared its hissing crest.

O. grant, kind HEAVEN, in these degenerate times,
With vices satiate, and profuse of crimes;
Whilst with Impiety's dread flag unfurled,
A thousand mental monsters range the world;
Whilst Luxury its baleful charms retails,
And every age, and rank, and sex assails;
See hosts of votaries the contagion gain,
While Reason, Prudence, Justice, plead in vain.
See how they tempt the utmost verge of fate,
'Till sad experience teaches but too late;
'Till Ruin's ruthless fangs the victims seize,
And to each misery doom the sons of ease.
See the curst die each social feeling blast,
Set fortune, health, and honor, on a cast;
Like the famed PONTIFF's rod of sovereign power,
Each other passion with fell throat devour;
By fury urged, the yawning gulph despise,
Nor heed or Duty's calls, or Nature's cries.
While Love its sacred empire now disdains,
And links no more two minds in mutual chains.

For our convenience now alone we wed,
Soon mutual falsehood stains the nuptial bed;
And the adulterer, marked with no disgrace,
Keeps in life's intercourse his wonted place:
While Suicide, the offspring of despair,
With pallid cheeks, and eyes of lurid glare,
When dangers threaten, and misfortunes lower,
Dares to usurp th' ETERNAL MASTER's power;
And, with a coward's impotence of soul,
Points the sharp steel, or drains th' envenomed bowl,
And, to avoid a moment's fleeting pain,
Consigns itself to Torment's endless reign.—
O grant, kind HEAVEN, a moral HERCULES,
To bid these horrors from the land to cease;
With giant arm avert the foul disgrace,
And vindicate the honors of our race!

Arise, thou sacred GENIUS of the Isle,
And, as of old, on thy loved country smile;
And O, protect with thy benignant wing
Her youthful sons, her hope, her pride, her Spring *;

* PERICLES, having in one of his Orations occasion to lament the death of many of the young men at Athens slain in battle, says beautifully, "The year has lost its Spring," the season of promise and of expectation; the season of those blossoms, that prognosticate the finest fruit.

May no rank weeds of pestilential powers
Destroy the sweetness of their opening flowers!
May in their hearts no baleful ivy shoot,
And blast the promise of the fairest fruit;
Their dawn of reason no false glare infest,
But Truth's bright Ægis sparkle on their breast;
Their soul's soft powers no blandishments ensnare,
And no fell passions their young bosoms tear;
But useful learning, by true taste refined,
Increase the native vigor of the mind!
Their innate purity may labor guard,
And honest Fame bestow its earned reward;
Religion's panoply their virtues shield,
Then "more than conquerors" in life's arduous field:
Each noble deed their country's love inspire,
And join the hero's to the patriot's fire;
And in her laws revere the noblest plan,
That man's best wisdom formed for ruling man;
Where mutual ties the Peer and Peasant bind,
And Princes govern but to bless mankind;
Where scale of rank but fans the mind's bright flame,
And bids it by desert at honors aim;
Bids Virtue, by no preference opprest,
To equal glory rear her manly crest,
Which, like the pyramid, Time's wreck defies,
Nor fears or driving storms, or angry skies.

Where Freedom, by gradation stronger grown,
Offers its grateful homage to the Throne;
Which, as the point, bestows the higher grace,
Whilst the blest people form the solid base.

Then fear not, BRITONS, though the sons of FRANCE
Their legions to this happy land advance;
Though, flushed with conquest in their mad career,
Their course through envy to this Isle they steer;
Sure that, in mercy to a suffering world,
Heaven's vengeance on its scourges will be hurled;
To DUNCAN, HOWE, and JERVIS, safely trust,
Whilst British valor proves the skies still just.
Then with the dying PAOLO.* exclaim,
Whilst his last accents blessed VENETIA's name:
"No foreign foe my country's safety blast,
"And may its liberties for ever last!"

S.

* PIETRO PAOLO SARPI, commonly called FATHER PAUL, in his last illness, occasioned by a wound from a stilletto directed by the court of Rome, received the visit of the Doge and Senate of Venice in bed. He had just ſtrength enough to raise himself upon their entrance, and with his hands closed, and his eyes lifted towards Heaven, exclaimed, "ESTO PERPETUA! May the liberties of my country last for ever!" A wish to be repeated by every Englishman, who loves the constitution, and wishes to promote the lasting welfare, of his country!

EPILOGUE

TO THE AMPHITRYO OF PLAUTUS.

To clear the infant mind, with generous toil,
From noisome weeds, that choak the richest soil,
To raise and cultivate, with skilful hand,
The wholesome produce of the fertile land,
Train the fresh scyon from the parent root,
" And teach the young idea how to shoot:"
Such the effect of Education's power,
Still best employed in Childhood's earliest hour;
Ere Prejudice her baleful seeds has sown,
Or Folly's weeds the genial soil o'ergrown.

To you, in Fortune's lap indulgent placed,
By polished Learning's fair attainments graced,
A race *, in Penury's cold bosom laid,
Stretch out their infant arms for timely aid;

* The AMPHITRYO was performed at the regular time of the Triennial Visitation, for the benefit of the PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY. As soon as LORD DUNCAN'S Victory was announced, the Performers requested the permission to repeat the Play for the benefit of the Orphans of the Seamen and Marines killed in

Though Science may not shed her noon-tide light,
Yet snatch them from the gloom of cheerless night!
Give them at least the sacred joys to know,
From moral love and Christian truth that flow:
Spread round each breast RELIGION's holy guard,
And Justice' sword with arm preventive ward;
So shall our comic scene boast genuine worth,
And MERCY consecrate the laugh of Mirth.

And You, o'er Learning's region who preside,
Of every Muse the guardians and the pride,
Where verdant germs of Science and of Art,
All that amends and dignifies the heart,
With vigorous nurture, 'mid the classic bowers,
Where RHEDYCINA rears her hundred towers,
Proud to the skies their flowers, their fruits expand,
And spread their blessings o'er a happy land!
While our low dome you visit, nor disdain
This humble hamlet of the MUSES' train,

that engagement. To make the exhibition more popular, they got up, in a very short time, the CRITIC, altered and compreſſed into Two Acts, with an Addreſs adapted to the occaſion. No deduction was made for expenſes; and the liberality of the Corporation of Reading, of the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and of ſeveral other diſtinguiſhed characters, who attended the repreſentation, enabled the Treaſurer to ſend upwards of 130l. to the Chairman of that patriotic and charitable fund in London.

O may our breasts, by Gratitude inspired,
By Emulation's generous ardor fired,
Your bright example ever in our view,
The radiant track, that Science points, pursue;
Then, issuing from our cells, a rising race
May catch from Isis' brink a livelier grace,
And thence, as life to serious duties calls,
Reflecting lustre on these fostering walls,
With Sense and Virtue's purest maxims fraught,
In happiest mode by real Learning taught,
True to the precepts here imbibed, may stand
The strength and glory of their native land;
Not urged by blind Ambition's selfish zeal,
On ruined worlds to build their country's weal;
But BRITAIN's fame to rear, with patriot mind,
On its true base,—THE GOOD OF HUMAN KIND!

P.

PROLOGUE

TO THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

PERFORMED IN OCTOBER 1798, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ORPHANS OF THE SEAMEN AND MARINES WHO FELL ON THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

"Now all the youth of ENGLAND are on fire,"
And War's loud clarion drowns the peaceful lyre!—
Our scene to-night from SHAKESPEARE's hand displays
A favorite tale of ALBION's earlier days,
When DOUGLAS and when PERCY—ancient foes—
'Gainst ENGLAND's throne in dread alliance rose.
How different now! The Sister Nations claim
One Common Cause in GEORGE and BRITAIN's name,
And jointly arming in their Monarch's Right,
"Are confident against the world" in fight.

Alas! that on a kindred Island's shore,
With horrid yell Sedition's Fiends should roar!

Yet many a chieftain there, to duty true,
Turns on his Sovereign's foes a threatening view,
Bids his bold bands the Sword of Vengeance rear,
And dashes down Rebellion's impious spear.
O, soon o'er fair IERNE's rich domain
May Loyalty assume her golden reign,
While GALLIA mourns, on her indignant coast,
Her tarnished Laurels, and her captive Host.

But lo, where NILE, from EGYPT's fruitful shores,
Swollen to the Sea his deluged current pours,
The din of Battle sounds! Near seats, of old,
Where Seers and Saints immortal tidings told,
An Atheist Warrior, with gigantic pride,
The armies of the LIVING GOD defied!
BRITANNIA's Sons the threats with horror hear,
And, fearing HEAVEN, disclaim all other fear.
By valor fired, by gallant NELSON led,
Free to the winds the red-cross banners spread.
In vain the close-moored fleet their anchors keep,
A massy bulwark floating on the deep;
In vain tremendous, from the circling shore,
With brazen throat the thundering batteries roar,
Down sinks the baseless vaunt of Atheist pride,
The Victor's spoil, oe'rwhelmed beneath the tide;

And wild ARABIA's desultory bands,
The fight surveying from the neighbouring lands,
With shouts of triumph hail the conquering host,
And ALBION's Fame illumines EGYPT's coast.

Ah! gallant Heroes! in this glorious strife,
Who purchased deathless Fame with transient life,
No tear of weakness dims your virtuous pride,
In HEAVEN and EUROPE's cause who bravely died!
O'er the blue wave, that shrouds th' illustrious dead,
Her amaranthine wreaths shall Glory shed;
Angelic strains shall chant your blest decease,
And Seraphs hymn you to the throne of Peace!

But say, what sounds of joy or fame can chear
The Orphan's sigh, or wipe the Widow's tear?
Yet, BRITONS! where you can, afford relief;
One thorn extirpate from the breast of grief.
Let them no humbler shaft of sorrow know,
Nor chilling poverty embitter woe:
So when in future fights the generous band,
Firm in the cause of YOU and BRITAIN stand,
Those on the tented field, or stormy wave,
Who meet a glorious, though a timeless grave,

Secure each dearer pledge they leave behind,
In you shall Guardians, Brothers, Parents, find,
Will yield without a pang their parting breath,
"And, filled with ENGLAND's GLORY, smile in
DEATH!"

P.

EPILOGUE

TO THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

If mimic scenes possess the power to charm,
To melt with softness, or with pity warm;
To rouse the soul, each passion to engage,
Moved by the varying magic of the stage:
When here, by duty led, the royal maid
Through gloomy woods and barren desarts strayed,
With fearless steps untrodden paths explored,
Though vivid lightnings glared, and thunders roared;
And, firmly true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Braved every danger in a Father's cause:
If, with fond sympathy, the spirit flew
To share the sorrows, which Cordelia knew:—
If too when here, some winters past, you saw
The lovely Maniac twine her wreaths of straw,
And, wrapt in Melancholy's deepest gloom,
Scatter fresh flowrets o'er a Father's tomb;
If from your eyes the gems of pity shone,
And the heart made Ophelia's griefs its own:

Then may we hope the efforts of this night
May warm each feeling bosom with delight;
For sure no BRITISH tongue can e'er refuse
Its grateful tribute to a loyal Muse;
Nor, when Rebellion shakes a sister shore,
And bathes her wasted plains in civil gore,
When Murder, cloaked in bleeding Freedom's vest,
Plants the fell dagger in each honest breast,
Will generous BRITONS, coward like, conceal
The just abhorrence, which their natures feel;
But, fired with indignation, will oppose
Their strongest arm against HIBERNIA's foes.

Ill-fated Maid! though darkness round thee spread,
And gathering storms hung threatening o'er thy head,
Soon shall thy harp its softest notes employ,
And sweetly vibrate to the touch of joy;
Soon shall thy sons at duty's call repair
Again to own a Mother's fostering care.
By sad experience taught thy strength, no more
Shall GALLIA's hostile bands invade thy shore:
For 'midst thy mountains wild a Genius dwells,
Whose magic wand each noxious touch repels,
Breathes o'er thy favored isle an influence bland,
And drives each poisonous reptile from thy land.

Pierced by his shafts, in common ruin fall
The deadly Viper and th' envenomed GAUL.

But though proud France with impious hand has hurled
The brand of discord o'er a suffering world,
From her white cliffs BRITANNIA's angel form
Smiles at the whirlwind, and defies the storm.
See where in marshalled ranks, auspicious sight!
Each village trains her heroes for the fight.
Clad in a soldier's garb the Swain appears,
To save the harvest, which his labor rears.
RELIGION too, to guard her hallowed shrines,
Can boast her champions in th' embattled lines.
See where yon glittering troop *, in martial train,
Pursues its leader o'er the peaceful plain!
He, 'midst the dangers of the threatened state,
Rules with impartial nod the grave debate,
And, prompt BRITANNIA's menaced life to shield,
Adorns alike the Senate and the Field!
See numerous navies, ENGLAND's dearest boast,
Bear floating thunders round her happy coast!
Shouldst thou, imperious foe! with maddened rage,
Dare once again our squadrons to engage,

* The WOODLEY Cavalry, commanded by Mr. ADDINGTON.

Or near our shores in threatening pomp appear,
FRANCE, thou shalt meet another NELSON here.
High o'er his prow shall Victory's Goddess smile,
And THAMES shall share the Laurels of the NILE.

D.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE;

A NEW AFTER-PIECE, WRITTEN BY W. SHELDON, ESQ. AND ACTED WITH THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR'S GHOST.

No more amid the church-yard's nightly gloom,
Will ghastly goblins issue from the tomb,
With saucer eyes affright the parson's maid,
And sink in smother—by the parson laid.
Like many mortal folks, they now prefer
To the chill church the genial Theatre;
And one and all, seized with the Roscian rage,
Have left their graves, and gone upon the stage.
No Drama now, to prove the Poet's art,
Appears; but one of them must play a part.
And all for what, but to give children fits,
And scare old gentlewomen from their wits!
Far different views move me with stately stalk,
Clad cap-a-pee, as when alive, to walk;
Not to affright, but to conciliate
This court in favor of my farce's fate,

To claim indulgence for a daring wight,
Who must be scribbling in the Muses' spite,
And died for fear——of being damned to night.

Sprites are with pretty privileges blest:
Like Members *in* they 're free from all arrest;
Like Members *out*, in fear of Bailiff Bum,
Can for a time invisible become.
Ah, little think you, since a ghost I've been,
What I have seen unheard, and heard unseen!
Like BANQUO, perched upon an empty chair,
While Miss Di Spinster took her evening fare,
I heard her urchin niece, Miss Kitty, say,
In accents coaxing,—"Pray, dear auntee, pray!
"Do let me see the Reading Scholars' play!"—
"Oh child, old SHAKESPEARE is too deep for you."—
"Nay, aunt, but in the bill here's something new."—
"What?—a new after-piece!—some balderdash;
"*New* is enough for me—it must be trash:
"What's *old* is *good*."——"How good then you must be,
"Dear aunt, for you, you know, are sixty-three."
The angry Widow Dupe, with fume and fret,
Protests against the odious epithet
To mine; because she, to her own *surprise*,
Wedded a haberdasher in disguise;

Then tears the bill, and stoutly swears she'll hiss
With all the force of female prejudice.

Blest be my stars!—I see not here Miss Di,
Nor does the widow's phiz alarm my eye.
No face along these all-propitious rows
With prejudicial indignation glows.
A candid disposition shines thro' most,
That must e'en warm the gizzard of a Ghost.
A pretty blooming fair one, out that way,
Now to her lover says, or seems to say,
" They cannot sure condemn a dead man's play.
" His ghost is come so far to beg we wouldn't;
" Though I were ne'er to marry for't—I couldn't.
" His actors inexperienced, and his pen
" Unpractised, claim allowances: and then
" His first offence has brought him to his end;
" He's gone, and never can again offend.—
" Come let us thus *(clapping)* his apprehension
banish!
" Go, poor perturbed spirit!—you may vanish."

PROLOGUE TO KING JOHN;

ALTERED FROM SHAKESPEARE, AND PERFORMED IN 1799, FOR A CONTRIBUTION TO THE NAVAL PILLAR.

To-night our scene, from British annals, shows
How British warriors braved their country's foes;
Whether their hardy bands, with martial toil,
Dared the proud Gaul upon his native soil,
And by his ravaged plains and prostrate towers
Led in triumphant march their conquering powers,
Or, on their own insulted fields, defied
The whelming deluge of Invasion's tide.

The Muse Dramatic, with an Angel's tongue,
Proclaims the ills from civil discord sprung:
When bound by Union, England's heroes stand,
Dread of each wave-worn shore and hostile land;
When warped by faction,—sunk, dismayed, they mourn
Their fairest wreaths by foreign inroad torn.—
Then be this truth on every English breast
In adamantine characters impressed,

"That ENGLAND never did and never shall"
Bow to a victor foe's inglorious thrall,
Till her own Sons, seduced by Faction's sound,
Aim at her heart the Parricidal wound.

Hail scenes of happier omen! ENGLAND draws,
Warm in their Monarch's and their Country's cause,
From rural toil, and life's domestic charms,
Her native swains to voluntary arms!

You heaths of BULMARSH, hail! for you have seen
Th' embattled Sons of Berkshire tread your Green,
When every hill and dale and verdant plain
Poured in refulgent arms a gallant train,
From WINDSOR's royal towers, that stand on high,
Illustrious seat of blazoned chivalry,
To the green vale where Isis' waters flow,
And, distant FARINGDON, thy humbler brow.
Each manly bosom kindling with delight,
Proud to appear in GEORGE's favoring sight!

And see the generous Patriot*, who presides
O'er BRITAIN's Senate and its Council guides,

* Mr. ADDINGTON, Captain Commandant of the WOODLEY Cavalry.

Now shining in the radiant van, prepared
Those rights, which freedom gave, by arms to guard!

Then, BRITAIN, launch thy navies on the main,
Send forth thy warriors to the hostile plain,
To rescue from oppression's iron hand
BATAVIA's shores and EGYPT's watery strand,
Since with united zeal thy valiant swains
Stand firm protectors of their native plains;
While Britain's Monarch, by a tyrant feared,
By virtue loved, by liberty revered,
Sees his triumphant banner wide unfurled,
The blest Palladium of a rescued world!

P.

EPILOGUE TO KING JOHN;

SPOKEN BY TWO OF THE PERFORMERS.

C. "Our Play thus o'er, does not some eager breast
Beat with impatience of the coming jest?"
Even flirting fans, and nods and smiles declare
The expectation of the gentle fair.
While some old Don, with grave and solemn mien,
Cries out: "No langhter should deface this scene.
'Tis most absurd, nay 'tis a downright folly
To smooth the brow of godlike Melancholy!"
But let old grey beards shake their heads at leisure,
Still unconfined, I aim at wit and pleasure.——
To damp my joys with jargon of the schools;
And hopes of something,—the reward of fools!—
Learning they call it; pretty name I own;
But jokes and humor better please the town.—
I'm sure you pity my detested lot,
To be thus harassed with—the deuce knows what;
Plagued with tense, gender, mood, condemned to hammer
At the disgusting rules of stupid grammar!

To bluster " ton d'apameibomenos :"
Oh frightful sounds ! words ever ominous
Of murder, treason, and their ghastly train,
Which split the tongue, and terrify the brain !—
Nor is this all ;—'twere well if 'twere no worse ;—
October comes, why then, we must rehearse.
The manager then issues his commands :
" Thus keep your legs, thus figure out your hands!
" Don't speak so fast ! attend to what I say!
" Speak more distinctly, or you'll spoil the play ;
" Now start, now frown, you come in at that door!
" No, that won't do, you two must walk before !"—
With such unmeaning words, with nonsense fraught,
As if ev'n nature could be learnt or taught !—
Still I could suffer to be pestered thus
With barbarous ranting and theatric fuss,
Did but a glimpse of pleasure soothe this pain,
Or were this jargon of the comic strain.
But swords and battles, and whole heaps of dead,
(Ah ! who could bear to see poor *Austria's* head !)
Bestrew the stage :—and what a strange attire !
This very evening my poor train caught fire !
Still *Falconbridge* supplied the loss of glee ;
Only I wished the fun had been for me ;
For fun was all the glory that I aimed at,
My part wasn't fun, therefore you say I maimed it.

Pleasure I love, and search the world around,
In every station pleasure will be found:
Ah, all agree to own its sovereign sway;
The great, the poor, to pleasure homage pay.
Whate'er to my loved humor umbrage bears,
That I detest!——

J. (entering.) What words assail my ears!
What sounds are those, that thus intrusive sport
In these fair domes, where Science keeps her court;
Where the bright leader of th' Aonian choir
Inflames his youthful sons with rising fire!
'Tis Education, that, in prime of youth,
Points out the paths of wisdom and of truth.
'Tis Education rears the tender mind,
Softens the manners and adorns mankind.
Then why this scorn of Learning? Whence this love
Of Pleasure, that awhile will grateful prove,
Then shrink appalled and mingle with the wind,
Leaving a monument of shame behind?——
Far other raptures warm his breast serene,
Who turns indignant from the loathsome scene,
And mounts the height of Helicon, to gain
The noblest treasures of the Muses' train.—
To fire our youthful bosoms, and dispense
The genuine stores of modest Eloquence,

Whether the bar shall claim, in Virtue's cause,
Our manly vigor to maintain the laws;
Or if our country point our zealous force
To stop, in public sphere, Corruption's course,
To teach her factious children to unite
Her Sovereign's glory with the People's right;
Or if celestial influence prompt our heart
Religious truths with rapture to impart,
To bid the sinner kiss Affliction's rod,
The Friends of Man, the Ministers of God:
For this intent was formed this classic stage,
That deals instruction to the rising age,—
Cease then to scoff at Eloquence, that draws
The willing tribute of deserved applause!

C. Must then the dross of drowsy melancholy,
The murky gloom of spleen, of care, and folly,
Brood o'er the soul, and Pleasure leave the field
To all the cares, that Fame and Science yield?

J. Far be the thought! no, learning has a pause,
And yields to Pleasure's as to Nature's laws.
Far be the thought to pore o'er constant knowledge,
Immured within the cells of school or college!
Science and Pleasure, hand in hand combined,
Still win the fancy, and improve the mind.

C. If Science thus with Pleasure can unite,
In Learning's lap I'll plunge with full delight!

J. Thus o'er our heads Instruction rears her wand,
Improves and pleases with a varying hand.
If you but smile, and on our labors shed
The balm of praise, by satisfaction led,
These buds of Science and of Fame shall bloom,
And o'er our efforts pour a sweet perfume;
Her willing ensigns kind Applause shall wave,
And OXFORD weave the wreath, which READING gave!

PROLOGUE

TO THE CAPTIVES OF PLAUTUS;

PERFORMED AT THE TRIENNIAL VISITATION IN OCTOBER, 1800.

SOME ten years since, domestic annals say,
Here first a Schoolboy Thespis dared to play;
With puppet forms endeavoured to beguile
The tedious hour, and raise the generous smile.
No spacious canvass could the artist boast,
His castles nodded from a sheet of post;
Now soothed by love, now mad with frantic rage,
A six-inch Hero trod his two-foot stage;
While lost in grief the straw-stuffed maiden stood,
And vainly strove to move a man of wood.
Soon his dramatic genius, taught t' aspire
Above the management of rags and wire,
Consigned the wooden Garricks to the shelf,
And sought the aid of Puppets like myself;
With bold attempt presented to your view
The melting scenes, that matchless SHAKESPEARE drew;

With PLAUTUS strove your laughter to provoke
At tales of merriment and comic joke.
When fair CORDELIA here exposed her form
To baneful mildews, and the midnight storm,
Till pressed by chains, beneath a tyrant's laws,
She nobly perished in a father's cause;
The Parent wept, by kindred thoughts subdued,
And the Child learnt that Virtue, Gratitude.
When here * PALÆSTRA with affliction strove,
At last restored to Liberty and Love,
Decoyed in childhood by a Villain's plan,
Whose God was lucre, and whose traffic Man,
Your honest warmth, impatient of control,
Spoke the strong language of the free-born soul,
Seized every bosom by its firm appeal,
And taught the modern LABRAX how to feel.

To-night once more we stretch th' advent'rous sail,
And trust our little vessel to the gale;
Protected by the safety of the coast,
No nautic skill, no pilot's art we boast;
With joyful hearts our annual voyage renew,
For Favor's harbour brightens on the view.

* In allusion to the Rudens of Plautus.

Our Play (for Prologues of the Play should speak)
Has every title to the pure antique;
No plaster figure cast, by modern rule,
By some vile bungler of the German school;
But simple grace by PLAUTUS nobly planned,
The finished Statue of a Master's hand.

To you, ye Fair, by every tie endeared,
Whose smiles so oft our humble toils have cheered,
We own apologies are justly due,
For how can Latin plays have charms for you?
How shall the jargon of a tongue unknown,
Formed to delight the scholar's ear alone,
In female hearts a single transport raise,
Or e'er awake their cheated sense to praise?
And yet, perhaps, our ever varying scene,
The actor's habit, the expressive mien,
Th' appropriate gesture, fraught with graceful ease,
May still have power the partial mind to please.

To You *, sage Guardians, who, with pious care,
From ISIS' banks to these glad walls repair,

* The Vice-chancellor, the President of St. John's, and the Warden of All-Souls Colleges, Oxford; the Triennial Visitors of the School.

In anxious hope the humble Player bends,
And begs indulgence for his trembling friends.
Bold is th' attempt for youth of tender age
T' assume the manners of the Roman stage,
And much we fear, where Science holds the scale,
That e'en our best exertions all must fail.
Yet, though our hearts adventurous pant for fame,
'Tis not on Merit we can rest our claim;
Our cause, our youth, our gratitude must plead;
The Will must stand as earnest of the Deed.

D.

EPILOGUS AD CAPTIVOS.

TYNDARUS CATENATUS LOQUITUR.

Plaudite .... felices nimium (bona numina faxint!)
Si dabitur pueros non puduisse sui.
Fallimur? usque modò nullæ arrisere puellæ;
Virgineæ plausum nec crepuere manus!
Insoliti, quæso, quæ tam nova causa doloris?
Cur micat in nullo virginis ore favor?
Væ mihi! causa patet: periere Cupidinis arcus;
Idalius nostro limine pulsus abest.
Credite, non equidem experto, sed credite tandem:
Heu! pueris, quamvis sit puer ipse, nocet.
Hunc invadentem noster loca cuncta magister,
Crudelis, nostrum limen inire vetat.
Crudelis! vetuit referam vel nomen amoris;
(Nomen inauditum vix cadit ore meo!)
Dicite, Doctores *, namque, indulgere Camœnis,
Hic solus vestro pectore fervet amor:

* Addressed to the Vice Chancellor, and the other Visitors.

Dicite, Doctorum nutrix Academia sacris
Sedibus Idalium num malè cauta sinat.
Frons austera satis probat hunc juxta ISIDIS undas,
Haud unquam vestros incoluisse Lares.
Corda Cupidineis concedite libera vinclis:
At manicæ, testor vos, sonuere graves!
Atque utinam solus mecum mea fata dolerem!
Felicem! solum vincula posse queri.
Me miserum! quoties sed enim et quot mille per orbem,
Terga gemunt virgæ supposuisse feræ!
Orbem vincla premunt. Potuit quæ impervia tellus
Evitare jugum, ROMA superba, tuum?
GALLIA nonne hodie, Romanum imitata furorem,
Gentibus innumeris vincla nefanda dedit?
Heu! misera ÆGYPTOS! constrictus membra catenis,
Ipse haud ignarus tristia fata gemo!
Qualibus opprobriis devota, AUSONIA, langues!
AUSTRIA, quis dicat, te mala quanta premant?
Vos et *amicorum* sensistis vincla, BATAVI,
BELGÆ, et novistis vincula dira pati.
HELVETII insontes, duro vix Marte subacti,
Senserunt fraudes, perfide GALLE, tuas.
"GALLE, quid insanis?" Quæ tandem meta furorum?
Mox videas tergo vincla retorta tuo.

Sic XERXES vanis demens exercitus iris,
HELLESPONTIACAS compede vinxit aquas.
ROMA triumphales tenuit sublimis habenas,
Sed mox ipsa suâ mole gravata ruit.
Tandem, GALLE, tuis moderatiùs utere fatis,
Vincula servitii solvere disce feri.
Te moveat pietatis amor, nexuque benigno
Libertas religet te, populique salus.
Talibus exemplis edocta BRITANNIA, felix
Sorte suâ, discat jura fidemque sequi.
Per mare, per terras æterno fœdere junctos
Puro nos orbis vinctus amore colat!

EPILOGUE, TRANSLATED.

SPOKEN BY TYNDARUS IN CHAINS.

OBEDIENT to the Drama's ancient laws,
I claim the tribute of your kind applause—
Thrice happy youths, should no disgraceful blame
(May HEAVEN avert it!) tinge our cheek with shame.
Dream we? alas! no glances round impart
Joy to the mind, and transport to the heart;
No female plaudits here our toils beguile,
Fled is "the lightning of the Angel-smile."
From what new source does this misfortune rise?
Why beams no favor in the fair one's eyes?
Alas! too plain the cause:—in youth's despite
Driven from these haunts, poor Cupid takes his flight.
Spoiled of his arms—arms, trust me, tho' untaught
By sage experience, deep with mischief fraught;
The smiling urchin on unthinking boys,
His youthful compeers, many a shaft employs:
Him, whose intrusive steps no bounds can fence,
Our MASTER, cruel man! has banished hence—

Nay, more, his rigorous discipline to prove,
Forbids to mention—let me whisper—*Love.*

Say, O ye Doctors, you, within whose heart
No love but for the Muses claims a part;
Say, to this Power, incautiously betrayed,
Does Learning yield her Academic shade?
On your stern brow mine eye your answer reads—
No Cyprian Archer treads Oxonia's meads;
Chased from your towers he flies with all his train,
And Isis rolls her silver tide in vain.

Tho' by no chains of love the heart be bound,
Yet manacles are heavy—mark the sound!
But I, tho' doomed a Captive's fate to moan,
Were happy could I weep that fate alone:
Far, far extends oppressive Slavery's yoke,
And thousands shrink beneath th' uplifted stroke!
Chained is the Universe—in ancient times,
Tho' hid in woods, obscured in distant climes,
What realm encountered not a captive's doom,
Crushed by thy legions, all aspiring ROME?
Bursts not, with equal might and fury hurled,
Proud GALLIA's thunder o'er a frighted world,
While trembling on their crimson deluged plains
Unnumbered nations drag opprobrious chains?

Ill-fated EGYPT! while this outward frame
Bears the sad title of a Captive's name,
While Slavery heaps her ponderous chains on me,
My heart unshackled heaves a sigh for thee.

Beneath what wrongs, from power despotic bred,
Droops not, AUSONIA, thy devoted head?
Who shall attempt to trace in plaintive strains
The woes, half-ravaged AUSTRIA, of thy plains?
Beneath her yoke unhappy BELGIA bends,
BATAVIA feels the shackles of *her friends*.
Nor yet could innocence the rage controul,
Perfidious GAUL, that filled thy haughty soul,
While, scarce subdued in honor's hard-fought field,
To thy base arts the brave HELVETIANS yield.
Say does thy madness Reason's pleas confound?
Does thy insatiate fury know no bound?
Soon may thy frenzy mourn just HEAVEN's decree,
And chains, for others forged, encircle Thee.
So wrath-tormented XERXES madly tried
To chain the billows of th' ÆGÆAN tide;
And haughty ROME with victories elate,
By ponderous grandeur crushed, has sunk beneath
the weight.
O then, let Moderation's equal hand
Urge thee to loose fierce Slavery's cruel band:

Let mild Religion in thy bosom reign;
Let Freedom bind thee in her social chain:
And let thy softened breast, exulting, feel
The love of Virtue and the Public Weal.

Blest in her lot, by these examples wise,
O may BRITANNIA learn her bliss to prize!
May she in Virtue's right support her cause,
The friend of Freedom and the prop of laws:
Through seas, o'er lands, may BRITISH UNION prove
The lasting bond of universal LOVE!

M.

*** This Performance was for the benefit of the SOCIETY FOR BETTERING THE CONDITION, AND INCREASING THE COMFORTS, OF THE POOR.

PROLOGUE
TO THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

1801.

To-NIGHT once more our scene from SHAKESPEARE's page
Shows the dire factions of a former age;
Shows when the Noble fierce and Prelate proud
To rash rebellion urged the madding crowd;
Perfidious GAUL, in treacherous league combined,
Sedition's banners with her legions joined.
In vain she joined, in vain she brought relief,
On CAMBRIA's shores, to CAMBRIA's rebel chief;
From the steep mountain's height in vain GLENDOWER
Threw many a glance to meet the hostile power;
No recreant BRITON joined th' invading train,
Borne back disgraceful on the refluent main.

Oh! ever may BRITANNIA's naval host
Drive fell Invasion from her happy coast!
But should her warlike bands be wafted o'er
By favoring tempests to our sea-girt shore,

An adamantine fortress would she find
In ev'ry British heart, and British mind.
The threatening storm would Faction's fire assuage,
And general danger kindle general rage;
Old age would glow with youthful ardor warm,
And Manhood's vigor nerve the stripling's arm;
Vengeance draw force from trembling Beauty's tear,
And dauntless courage spring from female fear.

Such ever be of ALBION's sons the pride,
When swells of ruthless war th' infuriate tide!
But lo! where radiant through the sinking storm
Shines of celestial PEACE the lovely form;
And, the green laurel from his brow unbound,
See with the olive leaf our Sovereign crowned;
While grateful EUROPE owns her states restored
To peace and safety by his victor sword;
NILE views no longer his redundant stream
With Desolation's iron harvest gleam;
No longer LUSITANIA's vine-clad coast
Shrinks from the GALLIC and IBERIAN host.
HESPERIA smiles through all her fragrant vales,
And saving ALBION's guardian genius hails;
While her proud city, whose imperial sway
A subject world once gloried to obey,

Like VEII's conqueror, views our friendly powers
Free from the Gallic yoke her lofty towers.

As joyful ENGLAND, with exulting voice,
Hails either Statesman of her Monarch's choice,
Who drove with arm undaunted Glory's car
Through the loud thunder of unequal war;
Or bade the fury of the battle cease,
And reached the blessed abodes of Fame and Peace,
While Concord blesses with celestial smiles
The favored Empire of the British Isles,—
BERKSHIRE,—though honor twine the fairest bough
To grace her ADDINGTON's illustrious brow,
Proud that awhile her genial fields should claim,
Enrolled amidst her sons, his glorious name,—
His absence long shall mourn. Though scenes more bright,
And plains more smiling now may charm his sight,
Ne'er shall he find through all the race of earth
Hearts more devoted to his patriot worth!

P.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY IV. PART II.

PERFORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

If to suppress Misfortune's struggling sigh,
To wipe the tear from pale Affliction's eye,
To helpless Orphans to extend relief,
And raise the Widow from the bed of grief;
If mid life's storm with guardian hand to throw
The sheltering mantle round the Child of Woe;
To guard with fostering care his early youth,
And guide his footsteps through the paths of truth;
If deeds like these with secret force impart
A thrilling rapture to the conscious heart;
How must your generous breasts with transport beat,
When you thus deign to visit this retreat:
This spot, in weeping Britain's mournful days,
Scene of your gifts *, and witness to your praise.

To-night, in Charity's neglected name,
We dare once more your kind assistance claim;

* Alluding to the different charities which have been the object of the performances at this classical theatre.

Again to plead her injured cause appear,
Again erect her sacred altar here!

Long had Mankind, by dangerous error led,
Entombed alike the breathless and the dead.
Soon as the vital current ceased to flow,
The eye to sparkle, and the cheek to glow,
Despairing Art retired, nor strove to save
The pallid victim from th' untimely grave.
Unconscious she, that, ere the spirit flies,
Life's energy awhile suspended lies,
And oft, amid the gloom of Nature's night,
Lurks the faint spark of unextinguished light.

Hail, generous few, who formed the noble plan,
From fell Destruction's toils to rescue Man,
"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath,"
And wrench the sceptre from the hand of DEATH!
Foiled by your skill, th' astonished spectre starts,
And mourns his quiver spoiled of half its darts.
No more the floods his dread command obey,
Robbed by your art of their accustomed prey.
Though from the bloated form each sense is fled,
You raise the victim from the oozy bed,
Teach the dimmed eye its lustre to relume,
And bid the fluttering pulse its task resume.

In caves, where deep beneath the hollowed soil
Imprisoned thousands urge their ceaseless toil,
When the pent vapor bursts from vaults profound,
And spreads its suffocating damps around;
Though for a while stern Fate's remorseless doom
Condemns the miner to an early tomb,
Bright SCIENCE darts her renovating ray,
And wakes to life and joy the slumbering clay.

When storms arise, and thunders shake the pole,
When high in air the circling billows roll,
Alone, yet fearless of the tempest's roar,
Meek PITY strays along the sea-beat shore;
She stops, with listening ear intent to mark
The distant signal of the foundering bark.—
Sudden she shrieks!—a prompt and hardy train
Launch the strong LIFE-BOAT on the foaming main,
Stretch to each sinking wretch a guardian hand,
And bear the shipwrecked wanderers safe to land.

Complete, illustrious band, your work divine,
Expand its views, and spread the vast design!
Approving millions shall applaud your deeds;
'Tis Virtue calls, and BRITAIN's MONARCH * leads!

* His Majesty is the Patron of the HUMANE SOCIETY.

And since benignant HEAVEN bids Discord cease,
Uniting Nations in the band of PEACE,
May mild PHILANTHROPY extend her sway,
Wide as the world, and general as the day!

D.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERFORMED IN 1802.

WHILE SHAKESPEARE's plastic pencil to your eyes
Bids the majestic towers of VENICE rise,
Scenes to the British Muse appropriate long
The favorite objects of dramatic song:
For here in dreadful pathos, wildly great,
He thrilled the soul with DESDEMONA's fate;
Here gentler OTWAY taught the tear to flow
At the sad tale of BELVIDERA's woe;
Surely a British audience must deplore
The wreck of ancient glories now no more!
Where now the daring prows, that plowed the deep
From ACRE's trophied walls to CALPE's steep?
To the light breeze the sail of commerce gave,
Or swept the faded crescent from the wave?
Sunk, sunk, alas! in dire oppression's hour,
The abject vassals of a foreign power!

Omens of better hope, and happier fate,
ALBION, on thy commercial empire wait.
Thy royal merchants, not intent alone
Treasures to bring from earth's remotest zone,
Bright Science waft with every favoring wind,
Spread Virtue's love, and meliorate mankind.
Their barks in peace the hardy seamen form,
A living bulwark 'gainst the battle's storm;
Induced by them, strong Agriculture's arm
Clothes all our vales with verdure's livelier charm;
Our forests wave with more luxuriant pride;
Our fertile uplands richer harvests hide.
Stout Labor digs the metal from the mine,
While skill and industry the mass refine;
Defence and plenty to our fields afford,
And forge alike the coulter and the sword;
The real arts of Alchymy unfold,
And every baser substance turn to gold.

In the just choice by wise BASSANIO made,
This solemn truth our Poet's pen conveyed:
Silver and gold, of sultry climes the birth,
By general use stamped with ideal worth,
Are but the signs of wealth.—IBERIA pines
In poverty, amid POTOSI's mines;

While the rude ores our northern mountains yield,
Open to manly toil an ample field,
Give us the means our plenteous marts to store
With every produce drawn from every shore;
Bid bold exertion animate the soul,
And prudence point, and vigor reach the goal;
The glorious prize where Faith and Honor guard,
And wealth is strict Integrity's reward.
Hence learns commercial Credit to command,
By one slight touch of her ethereal wand,
More treasures than in Ocean's caverns lie,
Or Earth's exhausted entrails can supply.

P.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE;

PERFORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LITERARY FUND.

You, who so oft before assembled here
In Pity's cause have shed the sacred tear,
With ready hands bestowed the kind relief,
And shared your comforts with the sons of grief;
You, well I know, your charity to raise
No beggar's cant require, no courtier's phrase.
In liberal minds unvarnished truths prevail
Beyond fictitious misery's artful tale.
Proud of the task, to my poor skill consigned,
To-night I plead the cause of injured Mind;
Of Mind, whose bright and heaven-aspiring flame
Is doomed to languish in its earthly frame;
Extinct its blaze, and chilled its genial glow,
The sport of Envy, and the prey of Woe.
Hope swells my bosom: On each face I read
The claims of starving Genius must succeed,

Long had our isle, for virtuous deeds renowned,
Awaked the wonder of the nations round;
Astonished travellers admired and praised
The sumptuous palaces by Pity raised.
By wounds disabled in the battle's rage,
Or worn by toil and fast approaching age,
The soldier bids adieu to worldly strife,
'Mid CHELSEA's groves to pass the eve of life.
When crowned with glory BRITAIN's fleets restore
The sons of valor to their native shore,
The hardy veteran views with fond delight
The towers of GREENWICH bursting on his sight.
Not such the scholar's fate! No spacious dome
Supplies the child of Science with a home;
Though fraught with genius 'tis his hapless lot
To toil for empty praise, and be forgot;
To starve in secret, or be doomed to dwell
Th' imprisoned tenant of the gloomy cell;
Till, pressed by ills too great for man to bear,
He sinks at last the victim of despair.
Ah! there, methinks, with these affrighted eyes,
I see the shade of famished OTWAY rise;
Immortal OTWAY, darling Son of Fame,
At once a nation's glory and her shame!—
Hark! 'tis the plaintive sound of woe I hear,
The groans of death now vibrate in my ear!

Thy spirit, SAVAGE, from the dungeon calls,
And screams of sorrow shake the solid walls;
All's hushed—'tis past—th' indignant soul has fled,
The Poet's free—he numbers with the dead!—
Still, still the fiends their magic spells renew,
Oh! hide the horrid vision from my view!
Misguided youth, the rash design forego,
Swift from thine impious hand the poison throw:
Bear, bear thy fate till Heaven demands thy breath,
Drink not—the phial's drugged with double death!
'Tis done—the searching fires the vitals gain,
And every sinew writhes convulsed with pain;
Life can no more sustain th' unequal fight,
He dies!—thy glory, BRISTOL, sets in night.

Blest be the man, who first in Learning's aid
Stretched his firm arm to save the fainting maid;
Raised her pale form, upheld her drooping head;
Gave, what the world denied—a little bread;
Whose comprehensive mind, with noblest aim,
To make his bounty lasting as his fame,
First formed the generous plan, in whose support
I come this night your charity to court.
Touched by that talisman, imperial gold,
The prison gates with eager haste unfold.

Still is the watchful Cerberus of the law,
And learned Misery quits her bed of straw.
To light and joy restored, the Nymph pursues
Her favorite toil, her wonted task renews;
Roves through the fields of Fancy unconfined,
(FREEDOM alone gives energy to mind:)
Safe from their malice, scorns the frowns of men,
And rescued GENIUS is herself again.

D.

SCHOLA READINGENSIS,

CARMEN TRIETERICUM.

JAMDUDUM hic steriles muros, segnesque Penates
Gens ignava hominum duro per sæcula ritu
Servabat; vacui curabant mystica tantum
Vana sacerdotes, ducebantque ordine pompas.
Dum tandem huc oculos potuisti, HENRICE, benignos
Flectere, majoresque hinc tecum volvere curas;
Dum tu, magne Parens, præsenti munere, nostras
Arrexisti ultro sedes, mutataque tecta;
Nempe tuis ductæ auspiciis, atque omine tanto,
Pieridum alma cohors, sociusque invisit APOLLO.

Tum demum ingenti circùm consurgere mole
Visa domus, penitusque nova hic ostendere sese
In tectis rerum facies, seu fervidus acri
Instaret juvenis studio, aut præcepta magister
Multa daret, notasque vias, ususque colendi
Tentaret senior, nascentia fingere corda
Qui possent, cæcamque animis expellere nubem.
Scilicet hos ortus, hæc tum primordia, nostri
Concepêre Lares, cultuque orientia sæcla

Formârunt, quascunque fovens secum ANGLIA jam tum
Læta sub imperiis HENRICI exercuit artes
Per gentem, et mores populi tenuere vetusti.

Aspice, quæ subitò insurgat nostra atria circùm
Lætitia! en clari tandem lux nascitur ævi,
LAUDIUS; hunc puerum educunt in limine Musæ.
Ille has ob primos cultus, actamque juventam,
Auspiciis, opibusque domos tutatur, et ipsas
Hinc esse illustres famâ jam in sæcula præsens
Consulit; ille etiam puræ pietatis amore
Fortunas CAROLI miseras, et fata secutus
Infausta, insidias populi, motusque rebelles
Contra ardens stetit, et sceleratæ colla securi
Supposuit, fœdoque animam sub vulnere fudit.
Ergò rite, tuæ memores, Pater optime, laudis
Instauramus adhuc festis tibi vota diebus
Assueta, et sero quamvis celebramus honore.

Hos adeò auctores rerum, summosque Parentes
Nostra domus, primæ hæc olim vestigia famæ
Agnoscit; neque enim tantis non illa priorum
Respondet curis pariter, verùm usque recenti
Consurgit laude, et vires extendit in annos.
Neu tamen hos nostræ pigeat cognoscere sedis

Ingressus, tenues neve aspernere Penates;
Quamvis ipsa sibi Musarum Etonia jactet
Antiquos excelsa Lares, aut Venta suorum
Egregios juvenum cultus, artemque canoram
Miretur, facilisque animos inspiret Apollo.

His habitant, primumque colunt in sedibus ævum
Qui populum imperio teneant, dulcesve Camœnas
Forsitan, et varias tractent feliciùs artes.
Hic virtute olim patriisque insignis in armis,
Per freta descendet rapidus, Gallumque superbum
Comprimet, et valido devinctum fœdere stringet.
Aut alius cunctis dimensum partibus orbem
Dum lustrat, vastosque maris sine littore tractus,
Ignotumque stupet spatium, dare classibus Austros
Ardebit, pelagique vias tentare latentes.
Qualis Zembliacas nuper penetravit ad oras
Navita, supremamque Arcton, mundumque rigentem;
Aut ubi pacato longè Zealandia fluctu
Porrigitur, propiùsque Australi advertitur axi.

Quos juvenum hinc etiam missos, Oxonia, cœtus
Mœnibus excipies, et sacrâ in sede fovebis.
Hic studio incumbent solito, cursusque volentes
Inceptos peragent, donec maturior ætas

Firmârit vires, solidumque in mente vigorem,
Tum longis perfecti annis, magnoque labore
Erumpent, docto tandem data lumina sæclo.

Te tamen ante alios, o nostræ gloria sedis,
Qui citiùs cognata tuis direptus amicis,
Astra revisisti, paulum, heu! tellure moratus!
Optima pollicitus, scirent si parcere fata:
Si qua per infandum potis est memorare dolorem,
Te memorem! heu quantum laudes memorare juvabit!
Dum pietas, dum sancta fides, gratissima terris,
Sedibus et doctis dum vester carus APOLLO,
Tu noster MARCELLUS eris! neque dignior alter
Quo se plus jactet BENUELLI nomine sedes.

Atque equidem possim, dum munere fungor inani,
Si vacet, et promissa nimis ni vana putetis,
Nomina multa virûm, porrò et præclara referre,
Qui patriæ ingentem famam virtute tulerunt,
Qui medicas coluere artes, aut sacra docendo
Explicuere DEI jussa, et rexere vagantis
Cæca per obscuros populi vestigia calles:
Qui maris alternos æstus, flexusque recursusque
Astrorum mirâ nôrunt indagine, solem

Quis primò radiis circumvallârit acutis,
Cur neget officium, nostro et se subtrahat orbi;
Ausique arcanas fatorum evolvere leges:
Anglica barbaricas insignia ferre per oras,
Fluctibus emersi, per GALLICA tela, per ignes,
Quos ÆGYPTIACO fundebant littore turres,
Ausi et perjuris divellere sceptra tyrannis.
Quanto exarserunt juvenilia pectora plausu,
Rapta triumphato victor cùm rettulit hoste
Pignora victricis dextræ, patriamque revisens,
Ampla dedit laudum, quîs olim ardebat Alumnus,
Munera, virtutesque suas hac sede dicavit.
Me miserum! heu! quanto nuper conversa dolore
Nostra domus, citior mœstas cùm venit ad aures
Fama volans, flammâ quà sol propiore medullis
Cannarum infundit mirâ dulcedine succos
Nectareos, AFERQUE reposcit ab hoste cruorem,
Marcida peste novâ infectâque ardentia febre,
Injecta è puppi per noctem immergier undis,
Pavisse aut avidos tellure cadavera corvos;
Quos exultantes formâ viridique juventâ
Sedibus his famæ laudumque immensa cupido,
Pieridum celebres studio accendebat; at illi,
Heu procul à patriâ infestis periere sub oris!

Sed nec ego illorum laudes æquare canendo,
Nec tibi, cara domus, sperem tibi posse triumphos
Addere, vel tenui quicquam decorare Camœnâ;
Illi, hic quos hodie confertos limine cernis,
Præduices natos, illi tua nomina in orbem
Latè sparsa ferent, famamque ad sidera tollent,
Insignes pietate viri, studiisque potentes.

1803.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM BENWELL, M.A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

——— Non totus, raptus licet, Optime, nobis
Eriperis, redit os placidum, moresque benigni,
Et venit ante oculos, et pectore vivit imago.

2.

If, according to an observation sanctioned by the authority of Dr. JOHNSON, "a life has rarely passed, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful," the following particulars may with confidence be laid before the public; for although they relate to a person, whose life was short, and who did not move in an exalted sphere of action, yet if he be measured by the standard of true excellence, he will be found to have possessed those talents and virtues, which intitle him to the lasting esteem of mankind, and are particularly proper to be held up as a bright example for imitation.

WILLIAM BENWELL, the second son of Mr. H. BENWELL, was born at Caversham in Oxfordshire, in the year 1765. He completed his education under the care of his Brother-in-law, the present Master of Reading School. In this seminary, he gave early proofs of those talents and virtues, which afterwards so strongly marked his character. Dr. VALPY has often declared, that if all boys were equal to BENWELL in genius and goodness of disposition, the care of a school would be the highest object of desire to a scholar and a man of taste. Among other excellent school exercises, he wrote and spoke a Latin Poem, at the Triennial Visitation in 1782, before the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford and the other Visitors, who acknowledged that it was little inferior to the successful composition of that year for the Chancellor's prize.

The singular merit of WILLIAM BENWELL attracted the notice, and secured the friendship, of Mr. LOVEDAY of Caversham, well known for the great benevolence of his temper, his classical and Oriental knowledge, and his researches into chronology and English antiquities. From a long continued intimacy with this excellent man, and his amiable family, Mr. BENWELL derived the most considerable share of the happiness of his life. Mr. LOVEDAY was remarkable for the accuracy of his information, the precision of his taste, and his devotedness to learned and religious retirement. Mr. BENWELL was studious to imitate so fair an exam-

ple, and his conduct reflected the image of his worthy Patron.

He was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College in the year 1783, and chosen Scholar of that Society at the following election. Eager to increase his knowledge, and refine his taste, he applied diligently to his classical studies. His college exercises were remarkable for strength of conception, purity of style, and justness of observation. They frequently attracted the notice of Mr. THOMAS WARTON, who spoke of them in terms of great approbation, entertained for their author a very high opinion and regard, encouraged his rising genius, and procured for him the offer of a lucrative situation in a literary department, which other occupations induced him to decline. He employed the intervals of his studies in cultivating an acquaintance with young men of learning and talents, who were members of his own college. Of this description was Mr. HEADLEY, the Author of a volume of Poems, and other Pieces, and the Editor of *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry**. Mr. HEADLEY was remarkable for vivacity of temper, and a high and noble spirit, which a bad constitution could not break or discompose. His studies were chiefly directed to English literature, and he pursued them with unremitting application. His ardent mind

* In the Preface to that work, after mentioning the difficulties which he had to surmount in the collection of proper materials, he adds: "For assistance received I am solely indebted to my very dear friend Mr. BENWELL."

found a grateful repose in the sweet complacency of BENWELL's temper; and their dispositions, although different in some respects, were soon bent to mutual confidence, and cemented in lasting intimacy. Both looked up to WARTON with great esteem; and this fondness for his works was much increased by the affability of his behaviour. Both had a high relish, like him, for the beauties of SPENCER and MILTON, and all productions of true genius and original poetry; and both possessed hearts peculiarly susceptible of the most warm and lively feelings of Friendship.

In the year 1785, Mr. BENWELL obtained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. The subject was *Roma Alarico Gothorum Rege spoliata*, and the composition deserves very high regard. Its plan is not broken by unimportant digressions; its transitions to the different parts of the subject are natural and striking; nor is its energy weakened by trifling ornaments of composition; a fault too common with young writers upon such occasions. In point of versification and phraseology, it is written in the chaste manner of VIRGIL; the whole train of thought is spirited and poetical, and happily adapted to the grandeur of the subject. The description of the various countries, from which the troops of ALARIC marched, all distinguished by appropriate circumstances; the plaintive address to the river Tyber; the animation of the statues of the ancient Roman heroes on the entrance of the Barbarians; and the picture of the shepherd viewing from the

distant mountains the conflagration of Rome; discover the powers of a mind fertile in images highly poetical, and disciplined by a most correct taste.

In the year 1787, when Dr. URI, a learned Hungarian, who had been employed in compiling a descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, was discharged by the Delegates of the Press, BENWELL and HEADLEY showed the warmest alacrity in his cause. They concurred with the Writer of this narrative, with Dr. SMYTH of Pembroke, Dr. VALPY, Mr. AGUTTER, and some other friends, in rescuing this eminent linguist from want, and contributed towards procuring for him an income, which made him comfortable during the remainder of his life. Often did the old man show the artlessness and simplicity of his manners, display his various knowledge of books, and recount the adventures of his youthful days, in a humorous mixture of languages, to the many parties formed for him in Trinity College; but to none was he a more welcome guest than to BENWELL and HEADLEY; and for none of his friends did he cherish a more warm and grateful affection.

This year was likewise remarkable for an addition to Mr. BENWELL's academical honors. He took the degree of B. A. and gained the Chancellor's prize for the best English Essay. The subject was, *In what Arts have the Moderns excelled the Ancients?* He took an extensive survey of the subject. The style of his composition is pure and elegant. His

remarks are solid and just, and his conclusions show a correct and ripe judgment. He decides the question in favor of the Ancients with respect to Works of Imagination and Taste, and of the Moderns in Science and Philosophy.

In the month of November he was ordained Deacon, and appointed Curate of Sunning in Berkshire. Here he generally resided for four years, and showed how well qualified he was for the proper exercise of his profession. He discharged every part of the duty of a clergyman with a degree of zeal and activity equal to its importance. His tone of voice, his devout and solemn deportment, always proved how perfectly he understood, how deeply he felt, and how piously he could express, the meaning of the Prayers of the Church. The subjects of his Sermons were adapted to the spiritual wants of his hearers, and abounded with clear argument, and pathetic exhortation, mixed with that anxious regard for the eternal happiness of his audience, which flowed from a deep sense of Duty, and the feelings of true Benevolence. He was a great admirer of the works of Bishop WILSON, and caught much of his unaffected and persuasive manner in the composition of his Sermons, and, like that venerable Prelate, chiefly adapted them to the understanding of the lowest classes of his hearers. In the performance of all other clerical duties, he was no less careful. In constantly catechising and instructing the children of the poor, in visiting the sick, in comforting and relieving the distressed and indigent,

he showed how much he was influenced by the genuine spirit of Christianity. Without any immediate requisition, he walked at stated times through his extensive parish, called at the cottages, inquired after the health and conduct of the inhabitants and their families, and manifested that regard for their welfare, which gained him the blessings of the poor, and made a deep and permanent impression on their minds. He soothed their distresses, and relieved their wants, with a degree of liberality, which often exceeded the bounds of strict prudence. Again returned to the pleasant banks of his favorite river, he renewed his acquaintance with his native fields and woods, so dear to his enthusiastic feelings of rural beauty, and here he enjoyed those charms of Nature, which affected his mind with pure and constant delight; more particularly as those charms were increased by the satisfaction arising from an active and useful life, and the society of the beloved friends of his early years. One of the most pleasing varieties of his employment was the active interest which he took in the prosperity of the school, of which he was one of the highest ornaments, whose exercises he frequently attended, and whose members he loved with fraternal affection.

About this time, Mr. HEADLEY, sinking under the pressure of a consumption, was recommended by his physicians to make a voyage to Lisbon. BENWELL went to London to take leave of him previous to his departure: what the meeting, and what the parting, of two such friends, in such painful

circumstances, must have been, can be neither easily conceived, nor described. The unfortunate HEADLEY returned soon after from Lisbon, without having obtained any relief, and retired to Norwich, where he died in November 1788. To his Friend he gave the most affectionate proof of his regard, by bequeathing to him his library of Old English Writers, and by appointing him one of his Executors. Desirous in every respect to honor and perpetuate his memory, BENWELL wrote an account of his life, which was transmitted to Dr. KIPPIS, and will, it is hoped, one day appear in the *Biographia Britannica*. In the energy of HEADLEY's mind, resolutely bearing up against the attacks of an incurable disorder, in his genius for Poetry, and his untimely death, may be traced a resemblance to WEST, the friend of GRAY.

In the month of November 1789, Mr. BENWELL took the degree of Master of Arts, and at the Election in 1790 was chosen Fellow of Trinity College; and soon after was ordained Priest. On being appointed Greek Lecturer, he was called to residence in College, and resigned his Curacy. His removal to the University afforded him a new field for the display of his abilities. He commenced Tutor, and in that office indulged his ardent inclination to promote the improvement of others.

In 1793, when the Duke of PORTLAND was publicly installed as Chancellor of the University, Mr. BENWELL wrote a copy of English Verses, which

were spoken by Mr. POWELL, Scholar of Trinity College. In sweet and flowing numbers he painted the recent calamities of France, and contrasted the distressed state of that country with the florishing condition of Britain. Some lines in this Poem very happily express the subjects of his own pursuits, and the qualities of his own mind. Describing the occupations of the Students of Oxford, he remarks that

——— "they court with sense refined
Each purer charm, that soothes the cultured mind;
With PLATO's Muse through airy regions stray,
Or rapturous glow with HOMER's heaven-taught lay;
Explore the midnight orbs, that roll on high
In silent courses through th' unclouded sky;
Or try the secrets of the bright abode,
And show the blissful path, that leads to GOD."

Speaking of the virtues, that adorn the Academic, he says:

——— "the blest Virtues, watchful at thy side,
Through fairest paths thy blameless footsteps guide;
Affection pure, whose breast still constant bears
Its flame unwasted with the length of years;
Devotion beaming mild with tranced eye,
And *Faith*, that stedfast views her destined sky,
And meekest *Charity*, with melting tear,
That patient leans the suppliant's tale to hear."

From this time all his leisure was employed in preparing for the press an Edition of XENOPHON's *Memorabilia*. For this work he caused some valuable Manuscripts to be collated in Italy; he carefully digested the various readings, selected the most

useful notes, with which he incorporated his own observations, the result of the deepest research, of the most judicious discrimination, and critical sagacity. To complete the work, he composed a new Latin version, in a clear, elegant and accurate style. Half the work was printed under his own inspection, with singular exactness and care *. Sedulously engaged in this publication, he allowed little leisure for exercise, and had not his temperance been very great, his constitution could not have borne up against the effects of his sedentary life. Yet, whilst he so much courted a studious retirement, he failed not to attract the attention of many persons of distinguished abilities and characters. Among others of his select acquaintance he held in great esteem Mr. BOWLES † of Trinity College, Mr. RI-

* In the course of this year, the work has been published. What had been left imperfect was supplied from Schneider's and other Editions. Of this Edition, and of Mr. BENWELL's excellence as a Critic and a Latin Writer, an elegant and judicious account has been lately published in a Literary Journal by no common Reviewer.

† SONNET, *by Mr.* BOWLES, *on the death of Mr.* BENWELL.

Thou camest with kind looks, when on the brink
Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
Though smitten sore. Oh, I did little think
That thou, my friend, wouldst the first victim fall
To the stern King of Terrors! Thou didst fly,
By Pity prompted, at the poor man's cry;
And soon thyself wast stretched beneath the pall,
Livid Infection's prey. The deep distress
Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
To whom thy faith was vowed, thy soul was true,

CHARDS * of Oriel, Dr. PARR †, Dr. BURGESS, the present Bishop of St. David's, and Dr. CLEAVER, Bishop of Bangor.

In 1794 he was presented by the Lord Chancellor to the living of Hale Magna in Lincolnshire. This preferment he afterwards resigned to take the Rectory of Chilton in Suffolk, which was given to him by Mr. WINDHAM, then Secretary of War. His merit was so universally acknowledged and admired,

What powers of faltering language can express?
As Friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
And sorrowing say: "Pure Spirit, thou art gone!"
BOWLES's *Sonnets* and *Poems*, Vol. I. p. 36.

* To the Second Volume of Mr. RICHARDS's Poems the following Dedication is prefixed:

"To the Memory of the
REV. WILLIAM BENWELL, M. A.
late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford;
who in the rare union of
Genius, Taste and Erudition,
was seldom equalled;
and in those pure and amiable qualities,
which constitute the perfection
of the
Christian character,
was never perhaps excelled;
the following Odes,
as a melancholy memorial of
departed friendship,
are inscribed."

† Dr. PARR mentions Mr. BENWELL among those, whose distinguished learning has conferred honor on the English Universities. *Spital Sermon*, Notes, page 110.

that, had it pleased the great Disposer of Events to prolong his life, he would probably have risen to the highest eminence in the Church. Besides the illustrious Patrons just mentioned, he could reckon in the list of his most active friends one, who has shown the most unequivocal disposition to raise men of learning and virtue to the highest dignities, Mr. ADDINGTON.

In the month of June 1796 he was married to Miss LOVEDAY, the eldest daughter of his first Patron; a Lady, of whom it is the highest praise to say that she was in every respect worthy of his choice. He had now laid the fairest foundation for happiness. But how vain are the expectations of Man! and how exposed to sudden destruction are the materials of his enjoyments and of his Hope! A contagious fever raged in the village of Milton in Wiltshire, where he resided: he flew to administer cordials and spiritual comfort to the diseased poor, and fell a victim to his Humanity. A fatal fever served only to display, in a new and more striking light, his meekness of temper, his resignation to the will of God, and his tenderest affection to his most beloved wife and to his friends. He died September the 6th 1796, after an illness of ten days, in the 32d year of his age, and only eleven weeks from the time of his marriage *. He was buried at

* His death is thus announced in the *Star* of September 8:

"On Tuesday evening died, at Milton, Wilts, in the 32d year of his age, the Rev. WILLIAM BENWELL. The poignancy of our grief on this distressful occasion will allow us only to say,

his native Caversham, where the following Inscription is engraved on a Marble Tablet in the Church:

" Near this Chancel are deposited
the remains of the REV. WILLIAM BENWELL,
late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford;
who died of a contagious Fever,
in consequence of his charitable endeavours
to relieve and comfort
the poor Inhabitants of the Village in which he resided.
From early youth
he was remarkable for correctness of taste,
and variety of knowledge;
Simple, modest and retired,
in manners and conversation,
he possessed a natural grace, and winning courtesy,
truly expressive of the heavenly serenity of his mind,
and of the meekness, lowliness, and benevolence
of his Heart.
To his relations, and to the companions whom he loved,
he was most tenderly and consistently affectionate;

that England had not his superior in sweetness of disposition, gentleness of manners, goodness of heart, solidity of judgment, accuracy of taste, strength of genius, depth of learning, and extent of knowledge. Of his fervor in the cause of Religion, and in the exercise of Humanity, his death is only the last proof. A destructive fever raged in the village, in which he resided; he flew to the relief of the suffering poor, and caught the infection, which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments. In the month of June we had recorded his union, after a long attachment, to a most amiable woman, who was deserving of a heart like his, but who was doomed to be taught, by the experience of the bitterest dispensation of a wise PROVIDENCE, how short and uncertain is human happiness."

to the poor a zealous Friend,
a wise and patient Instructor,
by his mildness chearing the sorrowful,
and by the pure and amiable sanctity,
which beamed in his countenance,
repressing the licentious.
Habitually pious,
he appeared in every instant of life
to act, to speak, and to think
as in the sight of God.
He died September 6, 1796,
in his 32d year.
His Soul pleased the Lord,
therefore hasted he to take him away.
This Tablet was erected to his Memory,
with heartfelt grief, and the tenderest affection,
by PENELOPE, eldest Daughter of
John Loveday and Penelope his Wife;
who, after many years of the most ardent friendship,
became his Wife and Widow
in the course of Eleven Weeks."

In stature Mr. BENWELL was about the middle size, rather thin, but well made. His features were delicate, and his complexion fair. His eyes were expressive of peculiar softness; and when he smiled, the most engaging sweetness was diffused over his face, that spoke the angelic benevolence of his heart.

His Understanding and his Virtues did honor to human Nature.

He possessed that degree of Imagination and Judgment, which characterise a mind of a very high order. His learning was chiefly Classical and Theological, and was remarkable for its precision and accuracy. He loved learning for its own sake, independently of emolument or preferment. His taste was correct, delicate and refined. Among the Classics, his favorite was VIRGIL; among the Painters, RAPHAEL. He was particularly pleased with the study of Medals, in which he made considerable progress; and he had an accurate and extensive knowledge of Prints. Upon the Engravings of SHARPE and MORGHEN, representing the purest specimens of the Italian Masters, he has been observed to gaze with the most enraptured and fixed attention. He repeated with enthusiasm many pathetic and descriptive passages of VIRGIL, TIBULLUS and MILTON. He studied the works of XENOPHON *con amore*; and all his own Productions, his Essays, his Sermons, his Letters and his Conversation, reflected the image of that perspicuous and beautiful writer.

He was always diligent in performing the duties of his situation. Of the latter part of his life, much time was allotted to his Pupils; much to his intended Publication; much to his correspondence with his numerous friends. Yet, anxious as he was to devote his hours to these purposes, if any opportunity was presented to him of doing a kind action, his book was instantly shut, his favorite pursuit suspended; and never did a more engaging, a sweeter

smile brighten upon his expressive face, than when he hastened to contribute to the service of others.

His Charity was equally the result of native sensibility, and of true Christian principles. Sorrow, Indigence and Misfortune, wanted no advocates to plead their cause before him. The delicacy of his conduct to the distressed was as remarkable as his freedom from ostentation. Many instances of his bounty, which he strove to conceal, were discovered by accident.

His manners were soft and gentle; they were the offspring of native benevolence, and a constant solicitude for the ease and satisfaction of all around him. He was respectful, not servile, to superiors; affable, not improperly familiar, with equals; and condescending, not supercilious, to those beneath him. His kindness to servants was remarkable. He heard their complaints; he soothed their sorrows; and relieved their wants. The consequence was, that they looked up to him as a Benefactor and a Patron, rather than as a Master.

In his social intercourse, he showed those mild and unaffected graces, which were sure to please. His conversation was often enlivened by a vein of humor, which was gay, delicate, and inoffensive; and often interspersed with anecdotes introduced with singular dexterity and effect. His arguments were solid and clear; he conversed for the sake of information, not of victory; hence there was no

asperity in his contradiction, no want of dignity in his concessions. When he was conscious he was right, he was resolute in purpose, though diffident in manner. His mind was constantly directed to the pursuit of truth; in cases where he was ignorant, he was thankful to those who gave him information; when he corrected others, he gave himself no airs of superiority. He possessed the happy power of gaining the esteem of those, from whom he frequently differed in opinion. He never excited jealousy; he indulged no spleen; he provoked no envy; he delighted all, with whom he conversed; and even those who spent the shortest time in his company could not fail to become his friends.

His situation in College afforded him a proper opportunity for the display of his talents and of his virtues. His conduct was exemplary: he recommended rules and discipline by his own practice, and labored to make them agreeable and easy by his affable and gentle manner in recommending them. The young men feared him not as a rigid Censor, but loved him as an affectionate friend. He was constant in his attendance at Prayers; and was never seen to enter the College Chapel, without that reverential deportment, solemn step, and downcast eye, which bespoke his deep sense of the awful nature of the place, and his profound veneration for the Great Being, to whose service it was dedicated.

In his instructions to his Pupils, it was his object to enlighten their minds, and to fix their principles;

and not to display his own attainments. When he found any of them profit by his instruction, he expressed as great a pleasure as if he had the strongest personal interest in their improvement.

With respect to his religious opinions and practice, it is almost superfluous to say, that he maintained the doctrines of the Church of England with the most firm conviction, and regarded its establishment with profound veneration. He was ever ready to exercise his sacred office in the absence, or during the illness, of a friend. When he had no duty to discharge, the part of his Sunday, which was not spent at Church, was consecrated to retirement and meditation, and in reading the Bible, or some religious book. His favorite authors were WILSON, PALEY and TOWNSON. He was happy in being a Christian, and rejoiced in being a Divine of the Church of England.

In short, Mr. BENWELL, whose irreparable loss will be long deplored by all who had the happiness of knowing him, was eminently qualified to adorn life by his engaging manners, as well as to dignify it by his numerous virtues. And from the purity of his conduct, and his habitual unaffected piety, few men were better prepared to die.

His continuance in this world, if calculated by the number of years he lived, was short; but if estimated by the exercise of his virtues, was long enough to display a series of the most praise-worthy

actions. Such a man ought therefore to be kept in lasting remembrance; for surely, amidst the common intercourse with the world, it is not easy to find a person equally distinguished by love of Learning, purity of Taste, sweetness of Disposition, firmness of Principle, capacity for Friendship, solicitude for the good of Mankind, and zeal for the Honor of God!

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

REV. GEORGE BUTT, D.D.

RECTOR OF STANFORD, AND VICAR OF KIDDERMINSTER, IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

In reading the life of a man, whose noble birth, whose military achievements, or whose transcendent genius, raise him far above the middle ranks of life, or the sphere of talents usually allotted to mankind, we may gaze with admiration, but we can seldom propose him as a pattern for our imitation. In tracing the character of a man like ourselves, whose situation in life is equal to our own, and whose pursuits are not beyond the reach of our faculties, we are naturally led to imitate his virtues, and to endeavour to attain that degree of perfection, which rendered him an ornament to society. In this view,

the following account, however imperfect, of Dr. BUTT cannot fail to interest, and perhaps to improve, the candid reader.

The Rev. GEORGE BUTT was born at Lichfield, on the 26th of December 1741. His father, Mr. CAREY BUTT, exercised for many years the medical profession in that place, and was a man of exemplary piety, integrity and benevolence. He discovered the genius of Dr. JOHNSON, while that extraordinary man was only a Hercules in the cradle, and pronounced that "he would one day become a great man *."

GEORGE BUTT exhibited early indications of genius, and it was, as a laudable consequence, determined that he should be educated for holy orders. With this view he was placed in the Grammar School at Stafford, where he continued some years. Among the friends of his father was Dr. THOMAS NEWTON, a native of Lichfield, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, distinguished in the literary world by his *Dissertation on Prophecies*, and other interesting publications on Theological Subjects. This accomplished Scholar, in his visits to his native city, was pleased with the vivacity and literary promise of young BUTT, and persuaded his father to send him to Westminster School, where the Doctor had received his education. He himself conveyed

* Sir JOHN HAWKINS's *Life of* Dr. JOHNSON, page 6.—Dr. BUTT's *Poems*, Vol. II. page 64.

his young friend to London, who under his patronage was elected on the Royal foundation, and continued in it till he became Captain of the School. He was in this situation at the death of GEORGE II. and walked in procession at the funeral of that King, and at the Coronation of his present Majesty. At school he took little part in the robuster games and exercises of the boys, and passed his leisure in reading English authors, especially the Poets. But the distinguishing bent of his soul was Friendship, which he cultivated with such enthusiasm, that he often followed his companions in schemes of diversion or boyish mischief, for which he had no natural inclination. In defence of some of his school-fellows, who were once engaged in battle with a superior number of *men*, he assumed a force, which proved the energy of his mind, seized the leader of the hostile mob, and brought him awed and trembling to the College, while the confederates, astonished at his decisive boldness, yielded the palm of victory.

During the latter part of his abode at Westminster, he formed some valuable connexions, which proved the joy and the comfort of his life, with men, who ever loved and valued him, and whose friendship has been highly honorable and advantageous to those, who have happily obtained it. The chief of these were, ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq. M. P. JOHN THOMAS BATT, Esq. FRANCIS BURTON, Esq. one of the Welch Judges, and Dr. CYRIL JACKSON, Dean of Christ Church. Their attachment to him was obtained by his affectionate

disposition, his generosity, his wit, his original and creative genius, his ingenuous, and even humorous simplicity, by which he became, like Falstaff, "not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others."

He was distinguished at school for his poetical compositions, and for his public speaking. A copy of verses was to be presented on a public occasion; the Master of the School, dissatisfied with the close of it, on which several attempts had been made, said at last: "a boy in the school will do it better," and ordered BUTT to try his skill. The pupil obeyed, and succeeded to the Doctor's wish, and to the general admiration. Observing in Westminster Abbey the monument of a man of profligate character, who appears to be rising from the grave on the Day of Judgment, he exclaimed *extempore*:

Lie still, if you're wise;
You're damned, if you rise!

Many years afterwards, when he was visiting the monuments, the sexton, who did not recollect him, repeated the lines to him as an excellent idea of a Westminster boy. In one of the annual theatrical exercises of the school, he acted *Demea* in the *Adelphi* of TERENCE with an effect, which is still remembered. He infused inexpressible humor and originality into the character, deviating in this, as he did in several parts of his life, from those traditionary rules and received customs, which are, perhaps, more rigidly observed in Schools and Univer-

sities, than in the more extensive walks of life. He succeeded so well in his conception and execution of the part, that he bore the prize of public approbation, and has often declared that this was the only occasion during his life, in which he literally overflowed with money, which was forced upon him by the liberality of the audience, as a mark of the satisfaction, which he had given.

From Westminster he was, in 1760, chosen Student of Christ Church College, in Oxford. Here he continued the same friendships, and in a considerable degree the same habits, which he had formed at school. Deep solitary study was never his delight; but, with a friend, he loved to read the best authors, and the relaxation of his evenings was literary conversation in select circles. Without a friend to bear a part with him, he seldom studied the dead languages, but eagerly and attentively perused the English Classics. His College exercises were the vivid efforts of a bright understanding, and of a mind soaring on the wings of imagination to the loftiest flights, in which he often "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art." So amiable was the luxuriance, and even the eccentricity, of his genius, that his friends took little pains to restrain them, but left to time and experience the cultivation of his judgment, the correction of his taste, and the increase of his learning.

In 1765 he was ordained Deacon, and was appointed Curate of Leigh in Staffordshire, a living

in the gift of Sir WALTER BAGOT, with some of whose sons he was already connected in friendship. In this retirement he made a considerable addition to his acquisitions in Divinity: he read with deep attention the best models of pulpit eloquence, and composed sermons, which he delivered with a strength and fervor congenial with his spirit, and with an effect, which was long remembered. He was a welcome guest at the hospitable seat of Sir WALTER, on whose public character, and domestic virtues, he always dwelt with rapture: and a frequent change of place from Leigh to Blithfield was very acceptable to his social disposition.

In this situation he did not continue long. He was recommended as a private Tutor to the only son of Sir EDWARD WINNINGTON, of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester, and he accepted the offer. He was pleased with an engagement, which would restore him to the society of several of his friends, who were attending the Inns of Court in London, where Sir EDWARD, who was a Member of Parliament, resided a part of the year. He found in his pupil great powers of mind, and a generous and affectionate heart. These he cultivated with extraordinary assiduity and success, as his own heart and affection became deeply interested in the undertaking. For when Friendship called for his exertions, no attentions, however laborious, were ungrateful to him, though he was by no means on common occasions remarkable for habits of industry.

In October 1767, he brought his pupil to Christ Church, being engaged no longer as his private, but his public, Tutor, and taking other young men at the same time under his tuition. Here the mutual attachment between him and Mr. WINNINGTON led him to associate much with that young gentleman, and consequently with many young Noblemen and Gentlemen-Commoners, to whom his society became highly acceptable, on account of that sportive wit and humor which enlivened, and that genuine taste and manly sense which dignified, his conversation. To them he was instructive as well as engaging. And though youthful gaiety abounded when he was in their society, no offence against piety or morality was suffered, or perhaps attempted, in his presence. To one of these Noblemen, the late DUKE of LEEDS, then Lord CARMARTHEN, he was so endeared, that he had an opportunity of becoming his private Tutor. This valuable situation he declined from motives of honor and affection to Mr. WINNINGTON.

With his pupils of an inferior order he also associated freely, contrary to the practice of the College Tutors. He never failed to engage their love and admiration, while his conversation and his lectures inspired them with a taste for moral and literary acquisitions. He on every occasion manifested his zeal for their present and everlasting interest. To an intuitive penetration into character, to a commanding and winning eloquence, and to a uniform practice of the lessons, which he taught, he added

the most disinterested regard and affection for them; qualities, which could not fail to produce the happiest effects. Even when he could not immediately succeed in reclaiming a young man from idleness and profligacy, he always sowed the seeds of an early reformation.

Among other exercises, it was his custom on Sunday evenings to assemble his pupils, and to read to them his favorite MILTON. Those who have witnessed the divine powers of eloquence, which he so eminently possessed, will not easily forget the impression, which he made on their minds. He expressed, with characteristic force and beauty, every thought of the Author; he warmed or chilled the hearts of his auditors, according to the passion which the Poet intended to delineate.

Among his pupils, he selected one, as the object of his dear affection, the Rev. J. C. WOODHOUSE, now Rector of Donington in Shropshire, and Archdeacon of Salop. This favored pupil became his inseparable companion, and all the energies of his mind were employed, with corresponding success, in forming him to knowledge, to virtue and to piety. Hence arose a friendship, which was manifested in a constant intercourse of mutual offices, and which was only broken with the thread of life. In the summer of 1768, he travelled into Wales with Mr. WOODHOUSE, whom he calls "a friend congenial to his soul," in a beautiful Poem descriptive of that journey, addressed to Mr. WINNINGTON.

In 1769, he experienced a heavy loss in the death of his eldest brother, JOHN MARTEN BUTT, M. D, F. R. S. who had distinguished himself as a physician in Jamaica, and who was rising to great professional eminence in this country. The circle of this excellent man's life was small; but a most correct mind, an elegant courtesy of manners, an active and conscientious discharge of his duties, and the benefits derived from his exertions, social and professional, rendered that circle complete. With a genius scarcely inferior to that of his brother, he possessed a considerable share of that worldly prudence, in which the latter was frequently deficient. His letters, which are still cherished in the family, describe, and endeavour to avert, with the most affectionate solicitude, the probable consequences of that inexperience and inattention. They at the same time evidence the strength of mind, the literary taste, the genuine piety, and the purity of heart, of the two brothers *.

Dr. BUTT, in 1771, was presented by Sir E. WINNINGTON to the Rectory of Stanford, and the Vicarage of Clifton in Worcestershire. The income of this preferment was not great, but the situation of Stanford was delicious, and congenial to the feelings of the Poet, who was an enthusiastic admirer of rural beauty. It was necessary that he should build a new Parsonage-house. For this pur-

* He was buried in the Abbey Church, Bath, where a beautiful inscription to his memory was written by his brother.

pose, his eye suggested a spot lovely and romantic, amidst wild woods, hills, dales and water-falls, whose variety of charms baffled description. Here a wide field was open for the indulgence of his genius, and the exercise of his taste. The hand of art was employed to give new graces to the beauties of nature: a lake of water, shrubberies, and walks straying among woods and cascades, were among the decorations, which the place assumed under his direction. He loved hospitality and convenience; he therefore constructed his house with a view to these gratifications. But these objects could not be accomplished without a heavy expense. From this cause, and from his liberality on former occasions, he incurred a debt, which produced many difficulties, and checked the display of his generous spirit, but did not restrain the exercise of his benevolence, during the remainder of his life.

In April 1773, he married Miss MARTHA SHERWOOD, the daughter of a Silk Merchant in London, a lady of a literary and accomplished mind, whose excellent principles were congenial with his piety, and whose wisdom counteracted the effects of that improvidence, which is too often the attendant of superior genius. She early foresaw the consequences of the indulgence of that generous hospitality, in which he delighted; she formed a plan of œconomy, which he abstractedly approved and commended, but to the practice of which he unwillingly submitted. Yet the strength of his reason, and the firmness of his mind, enabled him to adhere gene-

rally to that system, which at last fulfilled every engagement, removed every difficulty, and gave him a prospect of an unrestrained enjoyment of an ample income.

Among the arrangements, which he made to co-operate with the endeavours of his excellent wife, was the admission of a few pupils into his family; a plan, which he continued till the year 1784. His method of instruction was rather desultory than systematic; but he succeeded in inspiring a love of literature into his pupils by his easy and animated manner; and, what ought to be considered as the end of all instruction, he instilled into them a love of virtue and piety, which has been manifested on important occasions. In explaining the Classics, he scarcely ever failed to open their eyes to the inchanted land of true Philosophy and the loftiest Poetry. To the Academic grove, and to the haunts of the Muses, he gave new importance and sublimity, by directing every study and every branch of knowledge to the glory of God. He discovered to them, with eloquent feeling, the aspirations of the ancient Philosophers after a brighter light than that of unassisted reason. He exhibited his favorite CICERO as confessing the inadequacy of Philosophy, with all its improvements and discoveries, to the full instruction and effectual reformation of the world. To narrow views of the Arts and Sciences he was an enemy, and recommended BACON's *Advancement of Science* as the best antidote, and to point out their connexion with higher objects. The benefit of his

exertions was fully proved by the subsequent conduct of those, for whose instruction they were made. His first pupil, who is lately dead, confessed that the foundation of those consoling hopes, which changed the terrors of a death-bed into the delightful calmness of resignation, was firmly laid at Stanford. He had been led by accident into scenes of impiety, and had associated with young and unthinking persons, who, shutting their eyes against the sun-shine of Revelation, yield themselves to the guidance of the faint twilight of Reason, which leaves them at the mercy of their imperious passions; and would have been lost among the mazes of a false Philosophy, had he not recollected the lessons of his earlier days, and been thus led back, by the grace of God, to the path of solid truth and real happiness.

At a very small distance from Dr. BUTT's house, in a little dingle surrounded by hills and woods, "sequestered from the busy haunts of men," stood a cottage situated on the sloping side of a sunny bank, through which ran a clear stream of the purest water. Here he fitted up a room, of which he filled the windows with old painted glass, and hung the walls with old pictures. Here he frequently took his pupils to study, and here he composed many of his Poems and Sermons. Here he indulged his fondness for nature in her simplest beauties; and reaped the comforts, which soothed his retirement from the active scenes of society.

He had exercised his genius in Dramatic composition. In the year 1777, he proposed to bring his Tragedy of *Timoleon* on the stage: but this play, though abounding in beauty and pathos, though regular in the plot, interesting in the progress, and affecting in the catastrophe, did not possess those prominent features, which captivate the public in this age. This play he had submitted to the inspection of Mr. GARRICK, to whose society he had been admitted in his younger days. The English Roscius, who had now left the stage, and therefore may be supposed to have given an opinion uninfluenced by considerations attending his former situation, admired the play, but said it required alteration before it could be brought out. The Author requested Mr. GARRICK to point out in what part he thought alteration necessary, with a view to improvement. The Actor read it several times, and at last confessed his inability to discover a fault in it. Happy was it for Dr. BUTT that he followed the advice of his friend: his disposition never could have submitted to the mortifications, which both Authors and Actors are often doomed to undergo, from the mysterious intrigues of the management of a Theatre.

Nearly at this time he relinquished some promises of preferment from a noble family for the sake of a beloved younger brother *, who obtained the living

* The Rev. THOMAS BUTT, domestic Chaplain to the MARQUIS of STAFFORD, generally resided at Trentham. Without the genius, he possessed the amiable qualities, of his brother. He was a man of extensive, but unostentatious, knowledge, and was

of Arley in Staffordshire. The delightful harmony, which always existed in his family, was the fruit of that generosity and piety, which marked the disposition of every member of it.

In the year 1778, his first Patron, the Bishop of BRISTOL, presented him to the small living of Newchurch in the Isle of Wight, tenable with his other preferment. In his visit to this place, he wrote the *Patriot Vision*, a Poem, which he published and dedicated to the Memory of the great Earl of CHATHAM. The subject he introduces by describing the scene, which suggested the idea;

" ——————— where sublimely rides
BRITANNIA's fleet, and waits the dread command
To scatter vengeance o'er a guilty land,
There, as the moon upon the ocean stream
Dealt wide the glimmering of her silver beam,
That melancholy night, in pensive mood
Upon the sea-beat strand the Poet stood,
When, at dread intervals, the solemn roar
Of cannons thundering o'er the watery shore,
Proclaimed aloud that CHATHAM was no more!"

Several of his fugitive pieces of Poetry were written for the vase of Lady MILLER, from whom he received many of those honorary prizes, which were

particularly versed in the ethics of Christianity. As a Preacher he was earnest and forcible; as a man he was beloved by all who knew him. He died in 1801, aged 51.

His only son, of the same name, Vicar of Arley, and Rector of Talgarth, Brecon, was brought up at Reading, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He is a young man of very considerable talents, of solid and general learning, and of the most elegant and engaging manners.

considered by persons of talents as objects of attention. On her death, in 1781, he wrote an elegy, perhaps the most elegant monument to her memory. It is printed in his Collection of Poems.

In the year 1783, he exchanged his living of Newchurch for that of Notgrove in Glocestershire, of which the comparative proximity to Stanford formed the principal recommendation. In the same year, he was, by the interest of Lord HERTFORD, appointed one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty. This situation afforded him the opportunity of displaying to advantage that talent of pulpit eloquence, which he possessed by nature, and had so successfully cultivated.

He obtained permission, in the year 1784, to dedicate his *Versification of Isaiah* to the King. The rapidity, with which he executed this work, the intenseness of thought, and the daily and nightly application of his mind to one object, had an alarming effect on his health. To this circumstance may be attributed a visible change, which took place in his constitution, and laid the foundation of that disorder, which terminated his life.

This alteration, and the necessity of a yearly visit to London in his turn of residence at St. James's, induced him to decline the offers of new pupils. He had hitherto watched over the education of his only son, now in the 10th year of his age. He was

persuaded, in 1784, by his friends to give him a public education; and the DEAN of CHRIST CHURCH,—whose wisdom and benevolence in private life can be equalled only by the literary pre-eminence and dignity of action, which mark his public character,—charged himself with the superintendance of it. The young man was sent to Reading School, where he remained till it was necessary to remove him to Westminster in order to qualify him for a Studentship of Christ Church. Between Dr. BUTT and the Master of Reading School the foundation was thus laid of a friendship, which death only could dissolve. To Reading the former paid an annual visit during the rest of his life. His affection to the School he took every occasion to manifest. He entered into all its interests, he attended all its public exercises, and took the greatest delight in assisting at their preparation. If the pupils of that Seminary have deserved credit for public speaking, his active and affectionate co-operation in their instruction was one of the principal causes of their proficiency in that useful art. Nor was that distinction unfelt or unrepaid. To prove their sense of this kindness, the School-meeting unanimously elected him an honorary member of their society, a mark of respect without precedent, and without imitation. Dr. VALPY had been attacked, with much strength of invective, in a pamphlet by a Calvinistic writer, for an expression in an Assize Sermon preached and published at Reading. Dr. BUTT assumed the weapons of polemical warfare in the cause of his friend, and pub-

lished an answer under the title of *The Practice of Liberal Piety vindicated.* It is difficult to say whether that little tract was most distinguished for elegance of language, fairness of argument, or force of application.

During his yearly visits to London as King's Chaplain, he was introduced to some of the most celebrated characters of the age. Among these were Mr. POTTER, the intelligent and nervous translator of the Greek Tragedians, Mr. ERSKINE, Dr. WARREN, and General PAOLI. He was particularly pleased with the ingenious FUSELI, whom he describes as one of the first classical Scholars, as well as Painters, of his time; and whom, on his first visit, he found painting Hamlet and the Ghost, and reading HOMER. He was often requested to sit for his picture to that great Artist, who said that he wished to preserve a countenance, which was compounded of the features of STERNE and LAVATER. He was introduced to Mr. TOWNLEY, whom he called the British Mæcenas. Seeing in that gentleman's house a most exquisite bust of Homer, he exclaimed *extempore:*

> Thy genius in thy Sculptor lit the flame,
> Which almost made *his* skill eclipse *thy* fame.

In the year 1787, he was presented by Lord FOLEY to the valuable Vicarage of Kidderminster. This preferment afforded an additional proof of the affectionate activity of his friends: it was conferred

on him by the applications of Sir E. WINNINGTON, of the MARCHIONESS of STAFFORD, and of his old Master, the ARCHBISHOP of YORK. To this place, which afforded a greater scope for his abilities as a Preacher, his exertions as a Parish Priest, and his exercise of the christian graces, he removed in 1788.

In this memorable year of the King's illness, he preached, at the Chapel Royal, on that affecting subject, a Sermon, which made a deep and lasting impression. The Discourse, which described the critical state of an afflicted nation, and expressed the lively sentiments of general loyalty, was followed by a most pathetic Prayer, delivered with peculiar strength of feeling and fervor of devotion. The eyes of a numerous and noble audience were suffused with tears. After the service, the Preacher received the general expression of the warmest gratitude. LORD SYDNEY, then Secretary of State, requested an introduction to him by the MARQUIS of STAFFORD, and thanked him with great sensibility. The Sermon was mentioned with rapture in the public papers, and printed by universal desire. His acquaintance was now sought by many exalted characters in the Royal circle, who were able to promote his interest. It was even expected by many of his friends that some substantial proof of approbation would be bestowed on him by those, whose sensibilities must have been deeply excited by so signal a mark of attachment and respect shown to the person of his Majesty.

The celebrity, which his Sermons had acquired at Court, loudly called for the publication of them. Desirous of rewarding the perseverance, with which he was satisfying the claims of his creditors, his friends advised the mode of subscription. A more productive and a more honorable list is not to be found in the annals of the Press. He enriched the work with collateral and critical Notes of great judgment, taste and piety, published it in 1791, in two octavo volumes, and dedicated it to the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, for whom he entertained almost a filial regard. He presented the Sermons to Their Majesties, who expressed their admiration of them. In conveying the Royal Message to the Author, Lord HERTFORD emphatically added: "Your line is bold, original, and full of imagination: You must follow that line."

He collected, in 1793, and printed in two volumes, his Poems. The greatest part of the copies of a very small Edition he presented to his friends. These, and his Sermons, were printed at Kidderminster, in a style of elegance little surpassed by the late improvements in the typographical art. To the first volume is prefixed a resemblance of the Author, from a painting by Mr. KEAN, who succeeded, as far as it was possible to do justice to that fire of genius and benignity of aspect, which characterized his countenance. Of the second volume the frontispiece exhibits a view of his favorite Stanford. This work he dedicated to LORD VISCOUNT VALENTIA, who had been his pupil, and who re-

turned his affectionate cares with the most active love and respect. This young Nobleman caught a great portion of the spirit of his revered Tutor. To an extensive information in modern and ancient languages and general literature, he adds a correct taste and lively genius. Like his Master, he has written a Tragedy, full of beauty and sublimity, but more calculated for the closet than for the present stage. In pursuit of political, geographical and botanical knowledge, he has formed the singular project of visiting India; and the polite attention of MARQUIS WELLESLEY has furnished him with the means of gratifying his curiosity and enriching his mind.

In the summer of 1794, Dr. BUTT brought his family to reside at Stanford. But his attention to Kidderminster was unremitted; and it was hoped that the frequent rides between his livings would strengthen a constitution, which now began to verge towards decay. A mental exertion, incessant and almost unprecedented, had undermined and impaired his nervous system. Yet the zeal of his Friendship continued to burn with a warmth, which no debilities of nature had the power to cool. On the resignation of Dr. JAMES, he, together with Dr. PARR, Mr. QUAYLE, Mr. BENWELL, and other literary characters, formed a plan to induce Dr. VALPY to remove to Rugby School. He prevailed on his friend to visit Stanford, accompanied him to Rugby, used every argument of ingenuity and good will to dispose him to become a candidate for

that munificent foundation; and returned with him to Reading to urge his solicitations with his family; nor did he leave him till he saw him inflexibly determined not to change his situation *.

The first symptom of the decay of his mental faculties appeared in the additions, which he now attempted to make to his *Felicia*. As a relaxation from the laborious attentions, which he paid to his pupils, he had begun and almost finished a work under that title. It holds a medium between the old Romance and the modern Novel, and is cast, in the descriptions and in some of the adventures, in the mould of the fifteenth century. The language is nervous and flowing, the story is simple and affecting, the characters strongly drawn and delicately shaded, the scenes are rich and luxuriant, and the conduct of the several parts natural and interesting In morality it holds forth the noblest examples of principle and action; for it is founded on the pure doctrine and heavenly practice of Christianity. This work has been lately completed by one of his daughters, who has distinguished herself by productions of a similar nature, of which the public approbation has stamped the high value; and will, it is hoped, be permitted to add to the stock of liberal instruction and rational amusement. Although he additions, that he now made, were a melancholy and affecting proof of the approaching extinction

* The Trustees, with great credit to themselves and advantage to the institution, elected Dr. INGLES Master of the School.

of that flame of genius, which had shed so beneficial a heat, yet in those late attempts his benevolence and piety still shone with a characteristic warmth and vivacity. Still Friendship could animate his exertions. In the autumn of this year he published a Sermon on the death of Lady WINNINGTON, the wife of his beloved pupil. In this Discourse the blaze of his setting genius appeared as pure and chearing, though perhaps not so dazzling, as in its meridian splendor. Whether he delighted to draw a picture of that rare pattern of piety and charity, which he had always admired in that Lady, or whether Death was a subject, in which he now felt himself more peculiarly interested, this little composition is among the most perfect of his writings.

In the beginning of the year 1795 he saw himself on the point of enjoying the fruit of his toils and privations by the completion of the payment of his debts. He came into the full possession of an estate, which, since the death of his mother, he had invariably devoted to that purpose. He had now ample reason to bless the goodness of God for a provision, which was thus secured to his family, when the support of his preferment might be taken from them. This was a source of sweet consolation to him, whilst he retained the powers of reflexion. He had now attained that great object, which he had kept in anxious view during more than twenty years, and to which all his considerations and labors, not employed in the service of others, had been directed. He now wrote letters to his friends, ex-

pressive of the highest gratification to himself, and gratitude to Providence, for the prospect, which was now opening, of following the natural bent of his heart in acts of hospitality and benevolence, without the fear of leaving a claim unsupplied; in being just and generous. But no sooner did the current of his cares and activity cease to flow, than the pulse of his life ceased to beat. Such is generally the progress of the human course: such is the termination of all the enterprizes, the labors, and the hopes of man. He exerts all his mental faculties, he exercises all his physical powers, in the pursuit of some darling object. No sooner has he attained the wishes of his heart, than he drops into the grave!

On the last day of June he was attacked by a stroke of the palsy at Kidderminster, from the worst effects of which he was relieved by the skill and attention of his nephew, Dr. SALT. He was brought home to his family, from whose feelings he wished to conceal the extent of the danger; but his incoherent manner of speaking, and his difficulty in giving proper names to things, notwithstanding his more than usual chearfulness, gave too certain causes of alarm. From this time to the end of September he gradually declined. During this interval, the characteristic gentleness of his manners, and his amiable, affectionate conduct, appeared in the strongest light. His excellent and beloved friends, Mr. WOODHOUSE and Mr. HAWKINS BROWNE, with several others, who loved and ho-

nored him, came to visit him; he received them with his usual attention, but he could not converse with his usual force and clearness. He was still able to walk, and he often pointed out improvements in his grounds, which proved that his rare and exquisite taste was little impaired.

The greatest source of affliction visible in him was, that he was deprived of that employment, which had formed the delight and comfort of his life: he could no longer read. Nothing can be a more awful lesson to the pride of man, than to see a mind like his gradually sinking under the weight of bodily infirmity. Disgusting is the sight of a second childhood rising on the ruins of that proud intellect, which boasts the high pre-eminence derived from the powers of an all-sufficient reason. Dr. BUTT had during his life maintained a constant intercourse with his God; and that merciful Being did not forsake him when "his flesh and his heart began to fail." In proportion as he was deprived of the reason and judgment of a man, he was blessed with the chearfulness and innocence of an infant. He received his illness with humility, and with a perfect confidence in the Wisdom of the Divine Dispensations. The last words which he committed to paper, were the following, which may be considered "tanquam cygnea vox divini hominis," conveying a sentiment of sincere piety, though not perhaps expressed in his usual elegance: "The visitation of disease is one of the most beneficent gifts of God. Bad habits to mind and body are weakened

by this new visitation; and God by nature and grace assists us to regenerate ourselves in better habits, than otherwise might have been known to us."

In the last walks, which he was able to take in his grounds, supported by his children, he retained his usual delight in holding forth the beauties of nature to their admiration, and in deducing from them lessons of gratitude and adoration to the Great Creator. Still he instructed them "to look from Nature up to Nature's God." The sublime oak overshadowing the brook, the elegant sycamore, the towering elm, and the sombrous yew, afforded subjects for heavenly meditation. "If so lovely," he would say, "are the works of God, when uncontaminated by art, in this lower world, how much more lovely will be the scenes of Heaven!" Even when his powers of expression were almost lost, his thoughts continued to dwell on allusions to objects of devotion, and to keep open the communication between his soul and his God. A favorite robin, which had regularly visited his study, and been fed by the family, was moulting. He gazed at the bird with earnestness, and observed that his rough coat would soon be changed to a brilliant plumage, and endeavoured, though in an imperfect manner, to compare this change to the Resurrection. Frequent, humble and devout, were his addresses to that gracious Being, into whose presence he was so soon to be admitted.

The affectionate anxiety of his family was seconded by the unremitting attention of Dr. SALT and Dr. HALL. That no possible means of relief might be unattempted, Dr. DARWIN was sent for; but the force of the disorder was irresistible. Still his patience and sweetness of disposition never forsook him. When no longer able to converse, he cast a smile of heavenly benignity on his attendants, as appeared to irradiate the face of an Angel. He remained imperfectly sensible almost to the end. At that awful period, he fixed his dim eyes on a print of our Saviour bearing his cross, and in a faltering voice he said: "It is that which now gives me comfort!" Shortly after he expired.

He was buried in the Church at Stanford, in which is the following inscription, written by Dr. SALT:

This Tablet is sacred to the memory of
the Rev. GEORGE BUTT, D. D.
a man, in whom learning was recommended
by urbanity of manners,
and genius, combined with purity of heart.
Actuated by the warm spirit of Benevolence,
and the sacred principles of Religion,
he was a friend to Man,
and a faithful servant of his God.
He was born at Lichfield, Dec. 26, 1741,
and died at Stanford, Sept. 30, 1795.

As a rare instance of affection and respect, the principal inhabitants of Kidderminster at his death

hung the Church with black at their own expense, and attended divine service in mourning.

He has left three children, a son and two daughters. His son, the Rev. JOHN MARTEN BUTT, Student of Christ Church, lives on a Curacy at Abberley in Worcestershire. He is a young man of most amiable manners and promising talents. He has paid great attention to Theological studies, and has written some pious and ingenious remarks on the Prophecies.—His elder daughter is married to Mr. SHERWOOD, an officer in the 53d Regiment. The younger resides with Mrs. BUTT at Stockton, near Worcester.

Of Dr. BUTT's pursuits and habits so much has been said in this chronological sketch, that a few remarks only shall be added on his general character.

He was endowed with a lively and vigorous imagination, which he assiduously exercised in Literature and the Fine Arts; hence he acquired an accurate and discriminating taste. His Sermons, the only compositions in prose which he has published, display a rare originality of conception, an inexhaustible richness of ideas, and an animated flow of words. His style was formed on the best models, not of modern writers, but of the authors of the 17th, and of the beginning of the 18th, century,

SANDERSON, JEREMY TAYLOR, BURNET, PEARSON, BARROW, TILLOTSON, ATTERBURY, and SOUTH. He neither admired the style, nor could conform to the practice, of many of the modern Divines, who have written elegant and moral essays, rather than Christian exhortations. He thought them superficial, and adapted only to please the polite taste of a fashionable audience. It was his opinion that a return of religious principle would restore the sentiments, and call for the style, of those great pillars of the Church of England, whom he revered and imitated. For readers of this sound doctrine he professed to write: and they will reap the richest fruits from an attentive, not a light, perusal of his Sermons. They will find in them, as in his excellent models, the most affectionate warmth and the sublimest piety, together with a forcible address to their common sense, and a happy talent of making their very passions the instruments of humbling them into penitence.

The analysis of his Poetry, in all its varieties, requires the discriminating powers of a JOHNSON. Its prominent feature is Genius. If he attained not the ease of a HAYLEY, or the elegance of a PYE, in originality of thought he was without a superior. His style is like that of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who does not always express the intermediate steps, that form the minuter links in the chain of his demonstrations. His manner is Oriental. An attentive consideration is sometimes required before the connexion of the ideas is fully understood.

But, like the poetry of the Orientals, the more minutely it is examined, the more it will be admired. That he could excel both in the Sublime and the Beautiful, a proof may be easily given. Of the former, the following extract from the conclusion of his *Journey to Wales* will not be a faint specimen:

Adieu, dread Snowden! And ye sons of men,
Who palaces and towery cities build,
Or on the formidable ocean ride
In your majestic fleets, contemplate well
All human works, and own them far surpassed
By the rude mass of Snowden, work divine!
Yet thou, vast mountain, whether down thy sides
The glaring lightning glances mid the gloom
Of clouds, mid storms and roaring cataracts;
Or in the clear air, far and wide appears
Thy sun-illumined summit, whence are seen
Rivers and woods, and towns and verdant vales,
Misshapen mountains, deep-embosomed lakes,
And solemn seas, and dim-discovered shores;
Still art thou, Snowden, an unfeeling mass,
Less noble than the ravenous bird, that builds
His habitation in thy lofty cliffs,
And soars so far above thee, that thy bulk
'Scapes the keen glance of his imperious eye;
Still far less noble than that Mind, which sees
God in his glorious works, and shall survive,
When thou, vast mountain, when the snow-clad Alps,
The flaming Andes, Athos shadowing wide,
Tall Teneriff, the bleak Riphæan range,
And Caucasus himself, shall be no more!

His success in the beautiful may be exemplified by the following Sonnet:

Hymen, MITISSA, in thy home may see
His wreath unmingled with the thorns of life;
And would he boast an unexampled wife
For meek desert, I bid him boast of Thee.
Thy Christian spirit cordial goodness warms,
A virgin sweetness radiates round thy soul;
In that serenest climate never roll
Loud passions unprovoked, and sudden storms.
Thine is the fairest form of female worth,
The gentlest grace of virtue, which the mind
Of moralizing poet ever drew—
Drew from his fancy, seldom found on earth,
But now on earth he may the model find,
Prepare his tints again, and paint from YOU.

The rapidity, with which his *Versification of Isaiah* was executed, suggests the idea of occasional incorrectness and inequality *. Yet it displays in general a majestic flow of numbers, and a peculiar warmth of expression; and it received great applause from some eminent literary characters. On the merit of this Poem the late Mr. OWEN CAMBRIDGE thus writes to Mr. HAWKINS BROWNE: "I am most agreeably surprised with *Isaiah*. It is as near perfection as any composition I ever saw. It has all the merit of PRIOR's *Solomon*, without his negligence. It is equal to his *Charity*, which is the finest thing I ever read." The measure is judi-

* Some of these instances of incorrectness are manifestly produced by haste and want of revision: thus *dawn* is made to rhyme with *horn*, when the writer must have intended to write *morn*. We find the same unintentional error in the correct and elegant Sir WILLIAM JONES's *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, where he has *ducelitur* for *ducetur*.

ciously varied. Of the stanzas a specimen may be given:

O days of bliss! the lambs behold
Play with the wolf or sheep, devoid of fear;
With kids the leopards fill the fold,
And heifers gambol, though the lion's near.
By babes the lion led in bands
Disportive licks their little hands,
Or standing still in flowery meads
By the patient oxen feeds;
The suckling sees without dismay
The wreathing asp around him play,
And by the basilisk caressed
Smiles at his fire-fed eyes, and strokes his glittering crest!

From this view of his Poetry, it will be easily perceived that he had chosen for his models, not the Poets of his own age, but MILTON and DRYDEN.

Nor was he by nature less formed for Painting than for Poetry. His knowledge of the different styles of the art, and of the discriminating excellences of the great Masters, displayed the utmost refinement of taste and accuracy of judgment. He was fond of drawing sketches, which bore strong impressions of genius and boldness. He was fond of collecting pictures and prints; and his moderation in the indulgence of this passion marks the firmness of his mind. But occasions would sometimes present themselves, when his discernment of the merit of a neglected picture tempted, and justified, a small deviation from his plan of œconomy. Yet even here the pleasure of self-gratification was

often sacrificed at the shrine of friendship. He possessed a copy of one of the best pictures of VANDYKE; and after the search and inquiry of many years chance threw into his hand the original, which had been in the family of Dr. WALLIS, to whom it was said to have been given by Archbishop FENELON, the Author of *Telemachus*. Overjoyed as he was at the unexpected acquisition, he presented it to his friend at Reading, who had commissioned him to procure a painting of that size for his library.

Few persons have attained to so eminent a degree the art of shining in conversation as Dr. BUTT. In mixed companies he was remarkable for lively turns of a playful imagination, for ready wit and apposite repartee. With literary characters, in whose society he peculiarly delighted, he appeared to great advantage in disquisitions on critical, theological or metaphysical subjects. He was acceptable to all classes and descriptions of men, and was equally attractive in his gayest, or most serious moods. He had the singular talent of making egotism pleasing; for when he talked much of himself, it was invariably found that his object had been to express his gratitude to a benefactor, to bring modest merit out of the shade, to vindicate the conduct, celebrate the virtues, or promote the interest, of an absent friend. His powers of persuasion were sometimes irresistible; for it was known that they were never employed for the ends of selfish gratification or unreasonable compliances; and that he steadily kept

in view the advancement of the public prosperity, or the service of meritorious individuals. During his residence in Oxford, some young men of the University attempted to introduce the practice of duelling. He undertook to counteract the detestable principle, and succeeded by his winning address and convincing arguments to make them renounce their intentions.

He possessed much penetration of characters, and insight into human nature; he could read the language of the eye, and trace the lines of the countenance with the skill of LAVATER. But philanthropy was his predominant feeling: his warm and animated charity, his guileless heart and natural vivacity did not suffer him to avail himself of this faculty. He reposed an implicit confidence on every one, who sought his acquaintance: hence he was frequently exposed to the arts of the selfish and designing. Sometimes the ingratitude or perfidy of the world would strike him with astonishment; and he would feel for a short time with much keenness the coldness or ill treatment of those, on whom he had placed his affections without sufficient caution; but he loved to banish these painful sensations; he forgot the lessons of his experience and the result of his penetration, and resumed his confidence. Though liable thus to deceit and imposition in his own concerns, in those of others he was most wary and sagacious. Of this keen and penetrating judgment he availed himself in common life with such felicity, that he could direct to a successful

issue, on the most critical and intricate occasions, the views and conduct of those, who applied for his advice; although in his own affairs he did not derive an unfailing benefit from his discernment. Consulting for his friends, he was composed and cautious; in his own movements he was sometimes swayed by hasty conclusions *. He was often called upon to decide controversies, and to reconcile contending parties; and he scarcely felt less pleasure in his success, than when he recovered a friend, whom misunderstanding had estranged from him. Of his judicious conduct and forcible address on those occasions so many public proofs were given, that he was emphatically called The Peace-Maker.

In his common intercourse with the world his simplicity and artlessness were his distinguishing characters. Often rallied on some laughable effects of this disposition, he clung to it as one of the firmest props of his future comfort †. He often turned away anger by a soft answer, and sometimes found matter of amusement and innocent gaiety in the attacks made upon him. In consequence of a loyal

* Πολλῷ γ' ἀμείνων τοὺς πέλας φρενεῖν ἴφυς,
ἢ σαυτόν. ÆSCHYLI *Prom.*

† In a letter to a friend he says: "God be praised that I have not, and trust I shall never lose that undesigning simplicity of heart, which renders a man all his life capable of forming friendships. This capacity is, in the present state of manners, *sententiously* ascribed to the period of early youth. I purpose that *æterne puer* shall always be my motto."

sermon, which he had preached at Reading, he received one morning at breakfast an anonymous letter, abusive and threatening: he did not leave the table till he had turned it into playful and elegant poetry.

But when the occasion called for firmness of mind, decision of plan, and promptness of execution, he could rise to the boldest flights of vigor. In the streets of London he saw a mob gathered round a murderer, whom they had pursued, and were attempting to seize. The man had placed himself in a favorable position, and, brandishing a large knife, threatened to kill the first man, who touched him. None dared to approach him. Dr. BUTT fearlessly went to him, ordered him to surrender himself, and said, "Guilt makes cowards of us all!" The culprit immediately gave him his weapon and his hand.

His mind was cast in the mould of independence. He had a peculiar dislike to the character of a time-server: hence he neglected those conformities to the prevailing taste and opinions, which many others would not have thought derogatory from right principles. Had he possessed a sufficient degree of worldly prudence to have enabled him to profit by the ascendency, which his engaging manners and exalted genius had given him over all orders of men, he might have risen higher in his profession. Though courteous and affable to all, his sense of dignity was roused at the sight of an assumed

superiority, or overbearing haughtiness. His feelings were those of the old Epigrammatist:

Ἥλιος αἰθ, ὡπόις αὐγῆς Θεός· εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ὑπεῖζεν φαίνων, οὐδὲ τὸ φῶς ἐπόθευν.

He bowed, it is true; but it was at the foot of merit, which he acknowledged, or of greatness, which he saw tempered with goodness. He offered incense, but it was on the altar of gratitude.

To multiply instances of his benevolence and charity would be easy, but the task of completing the list would be endless. His whole life was one scene of public beneficence. And in the more private charities of life his attention was unremitting. Those, who knew him in the domestic circle, can bear witness to his abhorrence of pride, to his reprobation of a sneer, and to his gentle and gracious manners. He possessed in perfection the

"Morum dulce melos, et agendi semita simplex."

Though he lived much with the great, his manners were not those of the age; they were the pure and simple courtesies, which might have suited the polite of all ages; the courtesies, which proceed from Christian benevolence, and a lively apprehension of the feelings of others.

A Biographer should be impartial. Perfection is not the lot of man. But shall we say that his eccentricities and want of method detract from the virtues and graces, which adorned his life? He was sometimes careless and absent; but never care-

less of the wishes, or absent to the service of others. Of his want of method his study presented a curious view. Old and new books, old and new paintings confusedly mingled together; sermons, poems and letters thrown in promiscuous heaps. His natural dislike to worldly business cannot be more strongly marked than by a trifling circumstance, which lately came under the observation of his family. Among his papers was found a letter from a friend, pointing out to him in serious terms the dangers of a want of œconomy, and reminding him in the most impressive manner of the state of his affairs: at the end of the letter he had written—a part of an Ode.

But when his clerical profession called for activity, his eccentricity prompted him to be "instant in season and out of season;" his singularity suggested extraordinary expedients to fix the wavering, to convince the obstinate, and to reclaim the sinner. In the character of the Father and Shepherd of his flock, he considered none too low for his notice; he sympathized with their distresses, visited them in their most infectious disorders, guided them with his advice, comforted them with his prayers, and relieved their necessities.

His pulpit eloquence was endowed with an irresistible charm. He used little action in preaching, but he had a glowing animation, which warmed the heart and arrested the understanding. His manner

of speaking made that clear and intelligible to all capacities, which, when read by others, might have appeared deep and abstruse. He had attentively read the Fathers; but with the great CHRYSOSTOM he was principally charmed. Like that powerful and zealous Preacher, he made Brotherly Love and Christian Charity the most frequent subjects of his discourses. In his contemplations and instructions, drawn from the observation of human nature, he failed neither to discover and point out the effects of the fall of man, nor to trace the vestiges of the divine image in the human soul. Hence he was never misled by a proud philosophy, or by puritanical misanthropy. Hence he was led never to expect perfection from human beings, and never to despair of reforming the works of the hand of God defaced by the corruptions of sin. His knowledge of human nature led him to address his instructions to the whole man, to the reason, to the passions, and to the imagination of man. To the Reason he would discourse on the evidences and the power of Christianity; to the Passions he would display the love of a dying Redeemer; and to the Imagination he would hold up the glass of Faith, and paint in vivid and glowing colors the happiness or misery of another life. Thus he combined the doctrines and the practice of Christianity, and made the essence of Religion to consist in Good Works on Christian Principles; founding his instructions on the two following passages: "Without Faith it is impossible to please God," and "Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord."

He was cordially attached to the discipline of the Church of England; solemn, devout and earnest in the performance of the service; and so conscientious in the punctual discharge of the duty, that he once rode from Reading to Kidderminster, on the bare apprehension of a failure in the regular duty of one day. He inforced the strictest decency and propriety in the building dedicated to God. With considerable trouble and expense he made a walk through the church-yard, and shaded it with trees, that the way might be rendered delightful and inviting. The populous parish of Kidderminster, like other manufacturing towns, contains a great proportion of Dissenters. These he considered as his children, equally with the members of the Church. He promoted peace and good-will among the opposite parties, and calmed the contentious spirit, which had formerly subsisted among them. The most intolerant opponents of his doctrine loved and revered him personally: and it was not unfrequent to see many of them attend the Church on those high festivals, which were not observed by their societies. That moderation, which induced him to place a fair and candid construction on the principles of others, had won the hearts of his flock of all descriptions; and had that bond been loosened, which principally unites all Dissenters against the Establishment, it was believed that his courteous manners, his affectionate zeal, and dispassionate reasoning, would have brought many within the fold of the Church.

To sum up his character in few words: he was as pure in heart *, as free from vicious and immoral conduct, as the frailty of human nature can permit. The sanctions of Religion and Morality were deeply engraved on his heart: he possessed by nature, and by habit had familiarized to his actions, as large a share of benevolence, of generosity, of candor, and of the love of what is great and good, as perhaps ever fell to the lot of man. He was a rare pattern of those exalted qualities, which the Roman Poet regards as an offering fit for the Majesty of Heaven:

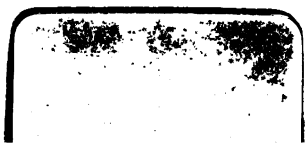
> "Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
> Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto."

* JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU at the hour of death exclaimed: "Eternel, je te rends mon ame pure comme tu me l'as donnée!" With infinitely more propriety could Dr. BUTT have uttered those words, had not Christian humility taught him that man is purified only by Redeeming Mercy.

FINIS.

EX ERRATIS.

Page	9	line 4	read ausæ	Page	74	line 9	read admissa
	19	5	slow		79	17	Rapta gemit
	43	6	gleams		—	21	Turcis
	65	20	world		92	2	toils
	73	&c. title	Houardius		199	11	ducta

Page 134 line 7, 8 And as before we hoped, with zeal sincere,

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